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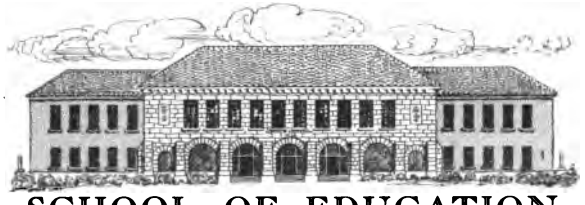

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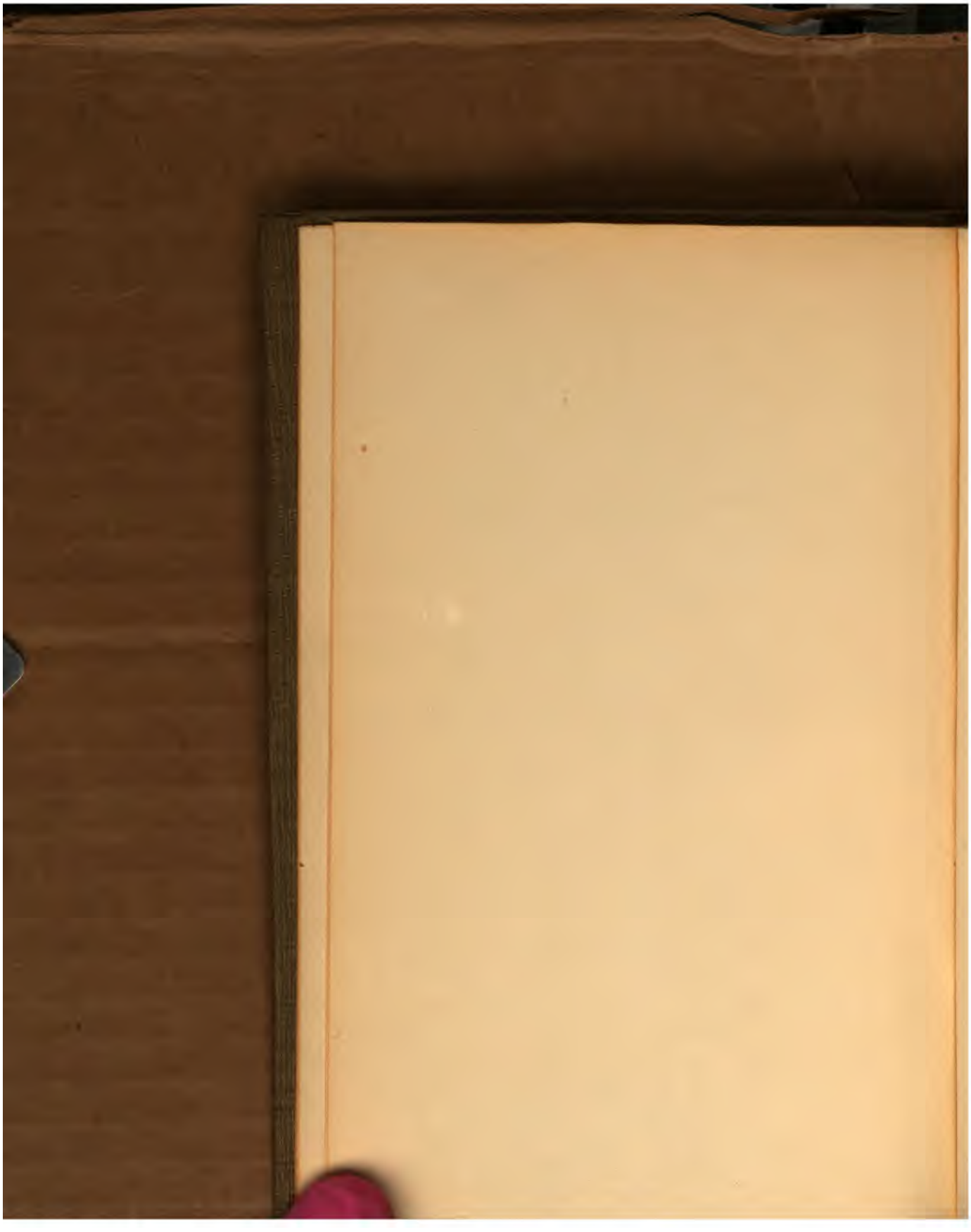

CHOICE LITERATURE

BOOK TWO

COMPILED AND ARRANGED

BY

SHERMAN WILLIAMS

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PREFACE

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER once said, "To teach a child to read, and not teach it what to read, is to put a dangerous weapon into its hands."

Each volume in this series of readers has been made with a definite work in mind in the problem of teaching the children to love good literature. The children must be interested in what they read or all efforts to train them to love to read will be thrown away. It will be well if the teacher reads to the class many of the selections in this volume at least half a year before the pupils begin reading from it.

This volume contains two selections from Grimm Brothers, and seven from Andersen, whose folk stories are unequaled for sweetness and beauty.

There are most delightful little poems from Robert Louis Stevenson, Eugene Field, Frank Dempster Sherman, Josephine Peabody, Lydia Maria Child, and other popular writers for children. In this as well as in all the other volumes of the series will be found the selections for memorizing required by the New York State Elementary Syllabus.

It is none too early to begin to direct the thinking of the children in regard to what they read. After they have read Frank Dempster Sherman's "Daisies," it will be well to ask them questions to bring out what they know and think about the stars. Lydia Maria Child's "Thanks-

giving Day" can be discussed very profitably with children who live where there is sleighing. Henry C. Bunner's "One, Two, Three" can be used very effectively. Ask such questions as what is meant by "half past three" and "warm and warmer." If after reading Stevenson's "My Shadow" you question the children, it will not be surprising if you find some who had never noticed much about shadows.

The selections from Frank Dempster Sherman, Alice Cary, Phœbe Cary, Lucy Larcom, and Josephine Peabody are made by permission of, and by arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company, the authorized publishers of their works.

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CHOICE LITERATURE

BOOK TWO

DAISIES

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

Frank Dempster Sherman was born in Peekskill in 1860. He has written many delightful poems. This selection is taken from his "Little Folk Lyrics," a volume that you will find very pleasing. It contains "May," "June," "In the Orchard," "The Shadows," and more than half a hundred other charming poems.

AT evening when I go to bed
I see the stars shine overhead;
They are the little daisies white,
That dot the meadow of the night.

And often while I'm dreaming so,
Across the sky the moon will go;
She is a lady, sweet and fair,
Who comes to gather daisies there.

For, when at morning I arise,
There's not a star left in the skies;
She's picked them all and dropped them down
Into the meadows of the town.

THE WATER DROPS

AUTHOR NOT KNOWN

SOME little drops of water,
Whose home was in the sea,
To go upon a journey
Once happened to agree.

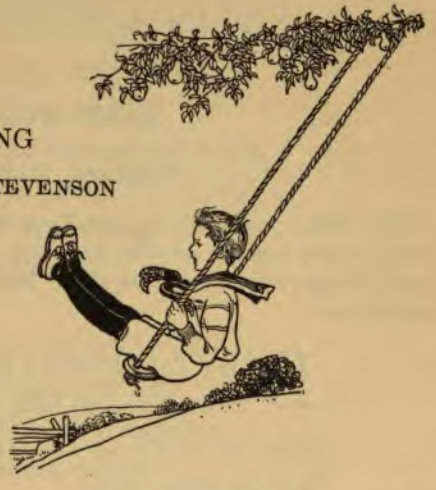
A cloud they had for carriage,
They drove a playful breeze,
And over town and country
They rode along at ease.

But oh! They were so many,
At last the carriage broke,
And to the ground came tumbling
These frightened little folk.

And through the moss and grasses
They were compelled to roam,
Until a brooklet found them,
And carried them all home.

THE SWING

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON



From "A Child's Garden of Verses." Copyright, 1895. By permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.

HOW do you like to go up in a swing,
Up in the air so blue?
Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing
Ever a child can do.

Up in the air and over the wall,
Till I can see so wide,

Rivers and trees and cattle, and all
Over the country side.

Till I look down on the garden green,
Down on the roof so brown, —
Up in the air I go flying again,
Up in the air and down.

BABY BYE

THEODORE TILTON

Mr. Tilton was born in New York in 1835. He was a journalist, a very popular lecturer, and wrote a great deal. This little poem became exceedingly popular. But little of what he wrote is read now.

BABY bye, here's a fly,
Let us watch him, you and I.
How he crawls up the walls,
Yet he never falls!
I believe, with those six legs,
You and I could walk on eggs.
There he goes, on his toes,
Tickling baby's nose.

Spots of red dot his head;
Rainbows on his wings are spread!
That small speck is his neck;
See him nod and beck!

I can show you, if you choose,
Where to look to find his shoes;
Three small pairs, made of hairs,
These he always wears.

Black and brown is his gown,
He can wear it upside down!
It is laced round his waist,
I admire his taste!
Pretty as his clothes are made,
He will spoil them, I'm afraid,
If to-night he gets sight
Of the candlelight.

In the sun webs are spun,
What if he gets into one?
When it rains he complains
On the window panes.
Tongues to talk have you and I;
God has given the little fly
No such things; so he sings
With his buzzing wings.

He can eat bread and meat,
See his mouth between his feet!
On his back is a sack
Like a peddler's pack.

Does the baby understand?
Then the fly shall kiss her hand;
Put a crumb on her thumb,
Maybe he will come.

Round and round on the ground,
On the ceil ng he is found:
Catch him? No. Let him go.
Never hurt him so!
Now you see his wings of silk
Drabbled in the baby's milk,
Fie! Oh, fie! Foolish fly!
How will you get dry?

All wet flies twist their thighs,
So they wipe their head and eyes;
Cats, you know, wash just so;
Then their whiskers grow!
Flies have hair too small to comb;
Flies go all bareheaded home;
But the gnat wears a hat:
Do you laugh at that?

Flies can see more than we,
So how bright their eyes must be!
Little fly, mind your eye,
Spiders are near by.

For a secret I can tell,
Spiders will not treat you well;
Haste away, do not stay,
Little fly, good day!

THE TOWN MUSICIANS

GRIMM BROTHERS

A DONKEY that had carried sacks to the mill for his master for many long years felt his strength fail at last, so that he could no longer work for a living. His master thought of getting rid of his old servant, so that he might save the expense of his food. The donkey, learning of this, made up his mind to run away.

So he took the road to Bremen, where he had often heard the street band playing, for he thought he could be as musical as they.

He had not gone far when he saw a hound lying on the ground gasping for breath, as if he were tired from running.

"Why are you panting so, friend?" asked the donkey.

"Ah," he replied, "now that I am old, and get weaker and weaker each day, I can go to the hunt no more, and my master has ordered me to be killed, so

I have run away; but I don't know how I am to earn my living."

"Will you go with me?" said the donkey. "Do you know, I am going to be a street musician in Bremen. I think you and I can easily earn a living by music. I can play the lute, and you can beat the drum."

The dog agreed, and so they walked on together.

Not long after, they saw a cat sitting in the road with a face as dismal as three days of rainy weather.

"Now what has come across you, old whiskers?" said the donkey.

"How can one be merry when one has a collar on?" said the cat. "I am getting old; my teeth have become stumps; I cannot catch mice; I like to lie behind the stove and pur; but I found they were going to drown me and my wife, so I ran away as fast as I could. Now what am I to do?"

"Go with us to Bremen," said the donkey; "you

are used to night music, I know, so you can easily become a street musician in the town."

"With all my heart," said the cat. So he went on with them.

After traveling some distance, they came to a farmyard, and on a gate stood a cock screaming with all his might.

"Why are you standing there and screaming so?" said the donkey.

"I will tell you," replied the cock. "I heard the cook say there is company coming on Sunday, and that she will want me to put in the soup. So this evening my head will be cut off, and I shall scream at the top of my voice as long as I can."

"Listen, Red Comb," said the donkey; "would you like to run away with us? We are going to Bremen, and you will find something better there than to be made into soup. You have a fine voice, and we are all musical."

The cock fell in with this, and all four went on together.

However, they could not reach Bremen in one day; it grew dark just as they entered a wood, so they decided to stay there all night.

The donkey and the dog lay down under a large tree, the cat went up into the branches, and the cock flew to the top, where he felt quite safe.

The cock, being up so high, saw far away a little spark of light and called to the others, saying he was sure that there was a house where the light was.

"Then," said the donkey, "we must go on, for this may offer a place of rest for us."

The hound said he would be glad of a little piece of meat, or a couple of bones, if he could get nothing else.

Very soon they were on their way toward the place where the light was seen. It grew larger and brighter as they came near. They found that it came from the window of a robbers' cave. The donkey, who was tallest, went near and looked in.

"What is to be seen, old gray horse?" said the cock.

"What do I see?" answered the donkey. "Why, a table laid out with plenty to eat and drink, and the robbers sitting at it and enjoying themselves."

"That ought to be our supper," said the cock.

"Yes, yes," the donkey replied; "if we were only inside."

Then the animals agreed as to what they should do to drive the robbers away. The donkey was to stand on his hind legs and place his forefeet on the window sill, and the dog to stand on his back. The cat was then to climb on the dog, and, above them all, the cock promised to fly and perch on the cat's head.

As soon as this was done, at a given signal, they

all began to perform their music together. The donkey brayed, the hound barked, the cat mewed, and the cock crowed, and with such force that the window rattled.

The robbers, hearing such a horrible outcry, were frightened and fled in terror to the woods. Then the

four animals rushed in and took what the robbers had left, and ate as if they had been hungry for a month. When they had finished, they went to rest in the best places they could find. The donkey lay down in the yard, the dog behind the door, the cat rolled herself up on the hearth, while the cock perched on

a beam in the roof. They were so tired from their journey that soon they were all asleep.

Not long after one of the robbers, seeing that the light was out and that all was quiet, told his chief, who said, "I do not think there has been any cause for fear, after all."

Then he called one of the men and sent him to the house to see if it was all right.

The man found it quiet, and went into the kitchen to strike a light, and seeing the fiery eyes of the cat that looked like a live coal, he held a match toward them to light it, when the cat flew up, spit at him, and scratched his face. This scared him so that he ran for the door, but the dog who lay there sprang at him and bit him in the leg as he went by. In the yard he ran against the donkey, who gave him a kick, and the cock on the beam cried out as loudly as he could, "Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

The robber ran back to his chief as fast as he could go. "There is a horrible witch in that house," he said. "She flew at me and scratched my face with her fingers. A man stood by the door and stabbed me in the leg with a knife as I passed; in the yard lay a black monster who struck me a terrible blow with his wooden leg; and on the roof sat the judge, who cried out, 'Bring the scoundrels here!' At that I ran away as fast as possible."

After this the robbers never dared to enter the house again, and the four musicians found themselves in so good a place that they would not leave, and the last that was heard of them they were still there.

SNOW-WHITE AND RED-ROSE

GRIMM BROTHERS

ONCE upon a time there lived in a lonely cottage, surrounded by a garden, a poor widow. In the garden grew two rose trees, one of which bore white roses, the other red.

Now the widow had two daughters, who so much resembled the rose bushes that she gave to one the name of Snow-white, and to the other, Red-rose.

These two children were the best, the most obedient, and the most industrious children in the world; yet they differed in some respects. Snow-white was quiet and gentle, Red-rose fond of running about the fields and meadows in search of flowers and butterflies.

Snow-white would often stay at home with her mother, help her with the housework, and then read to her after it was done. The two children were very fond of each other, and whenever they walked out together they would hold each other's hands, and when Snow-white would say, "We will never leave

each other," her sister would reply, "No, never, as long as we live."

The mother encouraged this; she would often say, "Whatever nice things are given to either of you must be shared with the other," and the sisters always did so.

They frequently rambled together alone in the wood to gather berries; but not a creature ever did them any harm, although wild animals often passed them; they seemed to have such confidence in the sisters that they were quite friendly with them.

The little hares would eat cabbage leaves out of their hands, the deer would graze by their side, the stag bound merrily near, while the birds would remain sitting and singing on the branches.

No danger ever threatened them, even if they stayed in the forest till late, or after nightfall. They would lie down on the mossy bed and sleep safely till morning, and their mother knew that there was no cause for fear.

Once, when they had remained in the wood all night, they did not wake till the rising sun had reddened the eastern sky, and, as they opened their eyes, they saw near them a beautiful little child, whose clothes were white and shining. When he saw they were awake, he looked kindly at them, and, without a word, vanished from their sight.

On rising they found that they had been sleeping on the edge of a steep rock, down which they must have fallen, had they moved in the dark. When they told their mother this, she said it must have been one of the guardian angels who watch over good children.

Snow-white and Red-rose kept their mother's cottage so neat and clean that it was a pleasure to look at it. Every morning in summer Red-rose took care always to place a bouquet of fresh flowers by her mother's bed, in which was a flower from each of the rose trees. In winter Snow-white lighted the fire, filled the kettle, and placed it over the bright blaze, where it shone and glittered like gold; for it was of burnished copper, and was always kept brightly polished.

In the evening, when the snow was falling, and the door closed and locked, they would seat themselves round the fire, in the bright, snug little room, and knit busily, while their mother would put on her spectacles and read to them out of the Good Book.

One evening they were sitting in this peaceful happiness, with a pet lamb sleeping on the hearth, near them, and above them, on a perch, a white dove, with its head under its wing.

Presently came a knock at the door, and the mother said, "Red-rose, open it quickly; no doubt some poor traveler, lost in the snow, wants shelter." Red-rose

hastened to obey; but, on opening the door, instead of the poor man she expected to see, a great bear pushed his great black head in.

Red-rose screamed aloud, and started back; the lamb bleated; the dove flew wildly about the room; and Snow-white hid herself behind her mother's bed.

The bear, however, began to speak very gently. "Do not fear," said he; "I will not hurt you. I only want to warm myself by your fire, for I am half frozen."

"Poor bear!" said the mother. "Come and lie

down by the fire if you want to; but take care not to burn your furry coat."

Then she called out: "Snow-white and Red-rose, come here. The bear is quite gentle; he will do you no harm."

So they both came near to the fire, and by degrees the dove and the lamb got over their fright, and settled themselves to sleep. Presently the bear said, "Dear children, will you sweep the snow off from my fur?"

So they got the broom and cleaned the bear's skin till it looked quite smooth, and then he stretched himself at full length before the fire, grunting now and then to show how comfortable and contented he was. In a very short time they lost all fear of their unexpected guest, and even began to play with him. They jumped on his back, and rolled him over on the floor, and tapped him with a hazel twig, pulled his thick fur, and when he growled they only laughed.

The bear allowed them to do as they liked, only saying, when they were too rough with him, "Leave me my life, dear children, and don't quite kill your old sweetheart."

When bedtime came, the mother said to him: "You can stay here by the fire all night if you like. I will not turn you out in this dreadful weather, and here you will at least be sheltered from the cold."

In the morning, when they all rose, the two children let him out, and he trotted away over the snow into the wood.

After that he came each evening at the same hour, laid himself out on the hearth, and allowed the children to play with him just as they pleased. They became so used to his visits that no one thought of bolting the door till his black muzzle was pushed in. The winter passed, and the spring was again covering the meadows and the forest trees with her robe of green, when one morning the bear said to Snow-white, "I am going away now during the summer, and you will not see me again till the end of autumn."

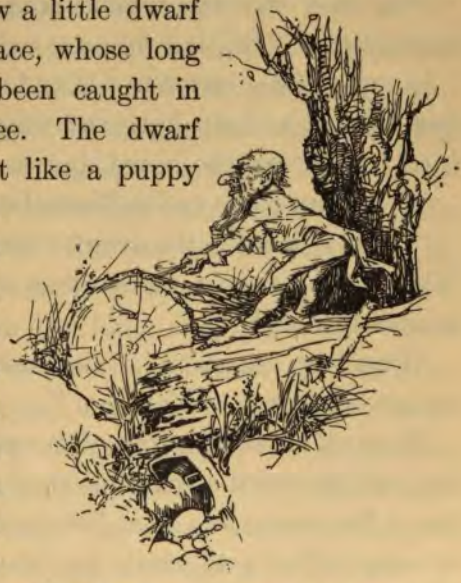
"Where are you going, dear bear?" asked Snow-white.

"I must go to the forest," he replied, "to hide my treasures from those wicked dwarfs. In the winter these treasures are safe under the frozen earth, but now, when the sun has warmed and softened the ground, it is easy for them to break it and dig up what I have buried, and when once anything valuable is in their hands, it is not easy to recover it. They will take care that it does not see daylight again."

Snow-white felt quite sorrowful when the bear said good-by. As he passed out of the door the latch caught his fur and tore a little piece off. Snow-white thought she saw something glittering like gold under

the skin, but she was not sure, for the bear trotted away very quickly, and was soon lost to sight among the trees.

Some time after this the mother sent the children into the forest to gather brushwood, and they found a large tree which had fallen to the ground. As they stood looking at it they saw something jumping up and down on the other side of the trunk, but they could not think what it was till they went nearer, and then they saw a little dwarf with a shriveled face, whose long white beard had been caught in a cleft of the tree. The dwarf was jumping about like a puppy at the end of a string, but he could not get free. He glared at the children with his red, fiery eyes, and cried, "Why are you standing there staring, instead of offering to help me?"



"Poor little man," said Red-rose; "how did you do this?"

"You stupid goose!" he replied angrily, "I wanted

to split up the tree that I might get some shavings for our cooking. A great coal fire burns up our little dinners and suppers; we do not cram ourselves with food as your greedy people do. I drove my wedge into the tree and it seemed all right, but the horrid thing was so slippery that it sprang out again suddenly, and the tree closed so quickly that it caught my long white beard, and now holds it so fast that I cannot get it out.

"See how the white, milk-faced creatures laugh!" he shouted. "Oh, but you are ugly!"

In spite of his bitter words and sour looks, the children wished to help him, and they went to him and tried to pull out the beard, but could not.

"I will run home and call somebody," said Red-rose.

"What!" snarled the dwarf, "send for more people! Why, there are too many here already, you sheep-headed madcaps!"

"Don't be impatient," said Snow-white; "I think we can manage to release you."

She took her scissors out of her pocket as she spoke, and cut the dwarf's beard off close to the trunk of the tree. No sooner was he at liberty than he caught hold of a bag full of gold which was lying among the roots, grumbling all the time about the dreadful children who had cut off his beard, a loss which nothing could repay. He then swung the bag across his shoulders

and went away without one word of thanks to the children for helping him.

Some time after this Snow-white and Red-rose went out one day to catch fish. As they sat fishing on the banks of a stream they saw something like a large grasshopper jumping about as if it were going to jump in the water. They ran forward and found the dwarf.

"What are you doing here?" asked Red-rose. "Why do you wish to jump into the water?"

"Do you think I am such a fool as that?" he cried. "Don't you see that this dreadful fish is dragging me?"

The little man had been fishing, but the wind had caught his beard and tangled it with the line, so that when a large fish took the bait, he could not hold the fish or get his beard from the line, and the fish was dragging him into the water. He held tightly by the reeds and rushes that grew on the bank, but with very little use, and the children were only just in time to save him from being dragged into the water. They both pulled him back with all their might, but so long as his beard was entangled with the line, their efforts were useless. The only way to save him was to cut off his beard, and this time it took so much of it that only a short piece remained.

Although they saved his life in this way, the dwarf was in a dreadful rage; he screamed out: "Is this

your custom, you wretches! To disfigure people's faces in this way? Not satisfied with cutting off a large piece the other day, you must now cut off nearly all! I dare not show myself such a fright as this. I wish you were obliged to run till you had lost the soles of your shoes!"

He lifted a bag of pearls which he had hidden among the rushes, and, throwing it on his shoulder without another word, slunk away and disappeared behind a stone.

It happened another time that their mother sent the two girls to town to buy needles, thread, and ribbon. Their road was across a heath, on which, here and there, great rocks lay scattered. Soon they saw a large bird hovering over a certain spot, till at last he pounced down suddenly to earth, and they heard terrible cries close to them. They ran and found that a large eagle had their old acquaintance, the dwarf, in his talons, and was carrying him away. The good-natured children did all that they could — they held the little man fast to pull him back, and struggled so fiercely with the eagle that he gave up his prey.

The dwarf no sooner recovered from his fright than the ungrateful little wretch exclaimed: —

"What do you mean by catching hold of me so roughly? You clawed at my new coat till it is nearly

torn from my back — awkward little clowns that you are!"

Then he took up his sack of precious stones, and slipped away among the rocks. The girls were accustomed to his rudeness, and did not care for it. They went on to the town and made their purchases.

On their return, while crossing the heath, they came upon the dwarf again. He had emptied his sack of precious stones in a quiet corner, not supposing that any one would pass at so late an hour. The sun shone brightly on the glittering jewels, which sparkled and flashed out so beautiful colors in his golden light that the children stood and gazed in delight.

"What are you standing there gaping at?" asked the dwarf, his usually gray face quite red with rage. He was going on with his spiteful words, when suddenly a terrible growl was heard, and a large bear rushed out of the thicket.

The dwarf sprang up in great fright, but he could not escape, for the bear stood just in his way. Then he cried out piteously in his agony: —

"Dear Mr. Bear, do spare my life! I will give you all my treasures, and those jewels you see lying there, if you will only grant me my life. Such a weak little creature as I am would scarcely be a mouthful for you. See, there are two nice little tender bits —

those two wicked maidens. They are as fat as young quails. Just eat them instead of me."

But the bear did not listen to his complaints. Without a word he lifted up his fore paw, and with one stroke laid the ugly, wicked little wretch dead on the ground.

The maidens in a fright were running away, but the bear called to them: —

"Snow-white, Red-rose, don't be afraid! Wait, and I will go home with you."

They instantly knew his voice and stood still till he came up to them; but, as he drew near, what was their astonishment to see the bearskin suddenly fall off, and instead of a rough bear there stood before them a handsome young man, with beautiful, gold-embroidered clothes.

"I am a king's son," he said, "and that wicked dwarf, after robbing me of all I possessed, changed me into a bear, and I have been obliged to wander about the woods, watching my treasures, but not able to catch the dwarf and kill him till to-day. His death has set me free, and he has met the fate he deserved."

Not many years after this Snow-white was married to the prince, and Red-rose to his brother, with whom he had shared the riches and treasures which the dwarf had stolen, and had concealed in his den till the prince recovered them.

There was great joy in the village when these weddings took place, and Snow-white and Red-rose sent for their mother, who lived for many years in great happiness with her children.

The two rose trees were brought to the castle and planted in the garden near the windows of the two sisters; and every year they bore the same beautiful red and white roses as they had done in the cottage garden at home.

LITTLE WHITE LILY

GEORGE MACDONALD

George Macdonald was born in Scotland in 1824. He wrote novels, poems, and juvenile books, besides much miscellaneous matter. You will like some of his poems now. Many of his novels will please you as you grow older. "At the Back of the North Wind" is a very popular book.

LITTLE white Lily
Sat by a stone,
Drooping and waiting
Till the sun shone.

Little white Lily,
Sunshine has fed;
Little white Lily
Is lifting her head.

Little white Lily
Said, "It is good;
Little white Lily's
Clothing and food."
Little white Lily
Drest like a bride,
Shining with whiteness,
And crowned beside.

Little white Lily
Droopeth with pain,
Waiting and waiting
For the wet rain.
Little white Lily
Holdeth her cup;
Rain is fast falling,
And filling it up.

Little white Lily
Said, "Good again,
When I am thirsty
To have fresh rain.

Now I am stronger,
  Now I am cool;
Heat cannot burn me,
  My veins are so full."

Little white Lily
  Smells very sweet;
On her head sunshine,
  Rain at her feet.
Thanks to the sunshine,
  Thanks to the rain,
Little white Lily
  Is happy again.

POLLY

GEORGE MACDONALD

BROWN eyes, straight nose;
Dirt pies, rumpled clothes.

Torn books, spoilt toys;
Arch looks, unlike a boy's;

Little rages, obvious arts;
(Three her age is,) cakes, tarts;

Falling down off chairs;
Breaking crown down stairs;

Catching flies on the pane;
Deep sighs — cause not plain;

Bribing you with kisses
For a few farthing blisses.

Wide-a-wake as you hear,
"Mercy's sake, quiet, dear!"

New shoes, new frock;
Vague views of what's o'clock;

When it's time to go to bed,
And scorn sublime for what is said.

Folded hands, saying prayers,
Understands not nor cares —

Thinks it odd, smiles away;
Yet may God hear her pray.

Fast asleep, as you see,
Heaven keep my girl for me!

SUPPOSE

ALICE CARY

Alice Cary was born in Ohio in 1820. She began writing both prose and poetry when only eighteen years old.

SUPPOSE, my little lady,
Your doll should break its head,
Could you make it whole by crying
Till your nose and eyes are red?
And wouldn't it be pleasanter
To treat it as a joke,

And say you're glad "'Twas Dolly's,
And not your head that broke?"

Suppose you're dressed for walking,
And the rain comes pouring down.
Will it clear off any sooner
Because you scold and frown?
And wouldn't it be nicer
For you to smile than pout,
And so make sunshine in the house,
When there is none without?

Suppose your task, my little man,
  Is very hard to get,
Will it make it any easier
  For you to sit and fret?
And wouldn't it be wiser,
  Than waiting like a dunce,
To go to work in earnest,
  And learn the thing at once?

Suppose that some boys have a horse,
  And some a coach and pair,
Will it tire you less, while walking,
  To say, "It isn't fair?"
And wouldn't it be nobler
  To keep your temper sweet,
And in your heart be thankful
  You can walk upon your feet?

And suppose the world don't please you,
  Nor the way some people do,
Do you think the whole creation
  Will be altered just for you?
And isn't it, my boy or girl,
  The wisest, bravest plan,
Whatever comes or doesn't come,
  To do the best you can?

LITTLE MISS SNOWFLAKE

JOSEPHINE POLLARD

Josephine Pollard was born in New York city in 1840. She has written much prose, but is most noted as a hymn writer. You will like best now her "Songs of Bird Life" and "Vagrant Poems."

LITTLE Miss Snowflake came to town
All dressed up in her brand new gown,
And nobody looked as fresh and fair
As little Miss Snowflake, I declare!

Out of a fleecy cloud she stepped,
Where all the rest of her family kept
As close together as bees can swarm,
In readiness for a big snowstorm.

But little Miss Snowflake couldn't wait,
And she wanted to come in greater state;
For she thought that her beauty would ne'er be known
If she came in a crowd, so she came alone.

All alone from the great blue sky,
Where cloudy vessels went scudding by,
With sails all set on their way to meet
The larger ships of the snowy fleet.

She was very tired, but couldn't stop
On tall church spire, or chimney top;

All the way from her bright abode
Down to the dust of a country road.

There she rested all out of breath,
And there she speedily met her death,
And nobody could exactly tell
The spot where little Miss Snowflake fell.

THE YOUNG DANDELION

DINAH MULOCK CRAIK

I AM a bold fellow
As ever was seen,
With my shield of yellow,
In the grass of green.

You may uproot me
From field and from lane.
Trample me, cull me —
I spring up again.

I never flinch, sir,
Wherever I dwell;
Give me an inch, sir,
I'll soon take an ell.

Drive me from garden
In anger and pride,
I'll thrive and harden
By the roadside.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

THERE was once a very rich merchant who had six children, three girls and three boys. He was very kind to them, and tried to train them to be good and to do what was right.

His daughters were very pretty, but the youngest was the prettiest of all. When she was very little she was called Beauty, and she kept the name as she grew up. This made her sisters jealous. But Beauty was not only prettier than her sisters, but she was more kind and thoughtful for others.

Her sisters were proud of their riches, and were haughty, and not willing to be friendly with those whom they thought inferior to themselves. They went to balls and theaters, and laughed at Beauty, who spent much of her time in study.

Every one knew that the sisters were rich. Many merchants sought them in marriage, but the two older ones said they would not marry any one but a duke, or at least an earl. Beauty thanked those who wished

to marry her, and said that she was too young to leave her father, and that she hoped to be with him for a long time.

Suddenly the merchant lost his whole fortune. Nothing was left him but a little house in the country, a long distance from town. He told his children that they would have to go there to live, and that they would all have to work for a living. The two oldest daughters said they would not leave town, that they had lovers who would be glad to marry them though they had no fortunes, but they were so proud and haughty that no one really loved them, and when their money was gone, they had no lovers.

Every one said, "They do not deserve to be pitied; we are glad to see their pride humbled. But," they added, "we are very sorry for Beauty, for she was such a good girl, she spoke so softly to the poor, and was gentle and kind." Several gentlemen would gladly have married her though they knew she had not a penny, but she told them she could not think of leaving her poor father in his trouble.

Poor Beauty at first grieved sadly over the loss of their fortune. "But," she said to herself, "were I to cry ever so much, it would not make things any better, so I must try to make myself happy without a fortune."

When the family reached their cottage, the mer-

chant and his sons spent their time in tilling the ground. Beauty rose early in the morning, and did all the work, and had dinner ready for her father and brothers. At first she found this very hard, as she had not been used to it, but soon she grew stronger and healthier than ever.

When she finished her work she would read, play, or sing. At other times she would spin. Her two sisters did not get up till the middle of the forenoon. They did no work, and were very unhappy. They spent their time in mourning the loss of their fortune.

"Do but see our youngest sister," said one of them to the other. "What a poor, stupid, mean-spirited creature she is, to be contented with such a lot."

The good merchant thought very differently. He knew that Beauty was as much wiser than her sisters as she was more beautiful, and that her kindness,

patience, and industry were worthy of all praise. Her sisters left everything for her to do, and then abused her because she did it.

The family lived in this manner for a year, when the merchant received a letter saying that a ship on which he had some goods had reached port in safety. This news greatly excited the older sisters. They thought that now they would leave the country and return to the city.

When their father left for the city, they begged him to bring them new gowns, caps, rings, and all manner of expensive trifles. Beauty did not ask for anything, for she knew that the money he was to receive would be hardly enough to buy all that her sisters wanted. "What will you have, Beauty?" said her father.

"Since you are so kind as to think of me," said she, "pray bring me a rose, for we have none in our garden."

The good merchant went on his journey. When he reached the city, people went to law with him about his goods, and after having had a great deal of trouble he came home as poor as when he left.

While going through a forest about thirty miles from his home, the merchant lost his way. The snow was falling very fast, and the wind blew very hard. He began to fear that he would either be frozen, or eaten by the wolves that he heard howling all around

him. Suddenly looking down between a row of trees, he saw a bright light some way off. He went towards it and found that it came from a palace that was lighted from top to bottom. He hurried to it, but was surprised to find no one in the courtyards.

His horse, seeing a large stable open, walked in and found both hay and oats. The merchant tied his horse and went to the palace, but saw no one. He entered a large hall, and found a good fire, and a table with a plate for only one. There was plenty of food. As he was wet with rain and snow, and very cold, he went to the fire to warm and dry himself. "I hope," said he to himself, "the master of the house, or his servants, will excuse the liberty I take. I hope it will not be long before some of them appear."

He waited till the clock struck eleven, and still nobody came. At last he was so hungry that he could wait no longer, but sat down and ate a hearty dinner. After this he began to look about him. He went out of the hall and through several grand rooms with elegant furniture, and finally came to a chamber in which was a good bed. He was very tired and sleepy, so he spent the night there in great comfort. He did not wake till late the next morning.

On getting up, he was surprised to see a good suit of clothes in the room, in place of his own which had been spoiled by the storm. "Surely," said he, "this

palace must belong to some kind fairy, who saw and pitied me."

He looked out of the window and saw, instead of snow, the most beautiful grounds, and the handsomest flowers that were ever known. He returned to the hall where he had eaten the night before, and found his breakfast ready for him. "Thank you, good Madam Fairy," said he aloud, "for being so kind as to think of my breakfast."

The merchant went for his horse, and as he passed through a rose arbor he remembered Beauty's request. He picked several of the roses, and as he did so he heard a great noise and saw a hideous beast coming toward him. In a terrible voice the Beast said: "Ungrateful man, I have saved your life by letting you come into my castle, and in return you steal my roses, which I love better than anything else in the world. You shall die for it. I give you a quarter of an hour to say your prayers and prepare yourself."

The merchant fell on his knees and said: "My lord, I beseech you to forgive me; I had no thought of offending you. I gathered a rose for my daughter, who had asked me to bring her one."

"My name is not My Lord," said the monster, "but Beast. I do not like compliments. I wish people to speak as they think, so you will not move me by flattery. However, you say you have daughters, and I will

forgive you if one of them will willingly come and suffer for you. I wish no words. Go about your business, but promise that if your daughters refuse to come and die in your place, you will return within three months."

The merchant had no thought of having one of his daughters give herself to the monster, but he thought he might have the pleasure of seeing them once more, so he made the promise.

The Beast told him that he might leave when he pleased, "But," he added, "you shall not depart empty handed. Go back to the room where you slept. You will see there a great empty chest. Fill it with whatever you like best, and I will send it to your home." With these words the Beast left.

The good man said to himself, "If I must die, I shall at least have the comfort of leaving something to my poor children." He went to the chamber where he found the chest; this he filled with gold pieces which he found. Then taking his horse from the stable, he left the palace with as much grief as he had felt of joy when he entered it.

In a few hours the merchant reached his home. As his children met him with caresses, he stood looking at them with tears in his eyes. He handed a branch of roses to Beauty, saying, "Take it; little do you know what it has cost your father." Then he told the story of his adventures.

The two older daughters set up a great outcry, and spoke bitterly and very unkindly to Beauty, who did not cry at all. "See what has come of the pride of the little wretch," they said. "She would not ask for fine clothes, as we did; no, indeed, she wished to be uncommon; and now that she is to be the death of our poor father, she will not shed a tear."

"Why should I?" answered Beauty. "It would be needless, for my father shall not suffer on my account. As the monster will accept one of his daughters, I will go in his place; and I am happy to think my death will save my father's life, and be proof of my love for him."

"That shall not be," said her three brothers. "We will go and find the monster, and either kill him or die ourselves."

"Do not think of such a thing, my sons," said the merchant. "The power of the Beast is so great that there would be no hope that you might get the better of him. I am touched by Beauty's kindness of heart, but I cannot consent to what she proposes. I am old and have but a little longer to live, so at the most I shall lose only a few years."

"Indeed, father, you shall not go to the palace without me," said Beauty. "You cannot hinder me from following you." In spite of all they could say, Beauty still insisted on setting out for the palace, and her

sisters were not sorry, for her goodness had filled them with jealousy.

The merchant was so grieved at the thought of losing his daughter, that he never thought of the chest of gold. When he went to his chamber at night, he was much surprised to find it at his bedside. He decided that he would not tell his children that he was now rich, as his two older daughters would want to return to town if they knew it, and he resolved not to leave the country.

He trusted Beauty with the secret, and she told him that in his absence two gentlemen had courted his other daughters and wished to marry them, and she begged him to consent, and give them fortunes, for she was so good that she loved her sisters in spite of their ill treatment of her.

When it came time for Beauty to leave, her sisters made a pretense of sorrow. Her brothers were very

sad. Beauty was the only one who did not shed tears at parting. She did not wish to increase the sorrow of any one.

The horse went directly to the palace. They reached it early in the evening and found it all lighted as when the merchant first saw it. The horse went to the stable, and the merchant and his daughter to the great hall, where they found a fine supper awaiting them. When they had finished their meal, they heard a great noise, and the merchant, in tears, bade Beauty good-by, for he thought the Beast was coming.

Beauty was greatly frightened at the horrid form of the Beast, but when asked if she came willingly, she said that she did. "You are very good, and I am grateful to you. Honest man, go your way to-morrow morning, but never think of coming here again. Farewell, Beauty."

"Farewell, Beast," said Beauty, trembling.

"Oh, daughter," said the merchant, embracing Beauty, "I am almost frightened to death; you had better go back and let me stay here."

"No, father," said Beauty, firmly, "you must go and leave me to the care of Providence." They went to bed, and thought they would not close their eyes all the night, but they fell fast asleep as soon as they lay down.

Beauty dreamed that a fair lady came to her and

said, "I am greatly pleased with your brave heart, Beauty; this good action of yours in giving up your own life to save your father's shall not go unrewarded." Beauty told her father the dream; and though it comforted him a little, he could not help crying bitterly as he took his leave. He feared he would never see Beauty again.

As soon as her father was gone, Beauty sat down in the great hall and cried; but as she was a young woman of great spirit, she soon composed herself, and, putting her trust in God, resolved not to be uneasy for the little time she had to live, for she thought the Beast would eat her up that night. She made up her mind to walk about and see the great castle, which she thought very grand. She was much surprised to see a door over which was written "Beauty's Room." As she entered she was dazzled by the splendor of what she saw. Among other things was a great library, a harpsichord, and many books of music.

"Surely," thought Beauty, "if Beast thought of eating me at once, he would not have done so much for my comfort." She opened the library, and saw written in letters of gold, "Wish or command, you are queen and mistress here."

"Alas," said Beauty, sighing, "I want nothing but to see my poor father again, and to know what he is now doing." She had scarcely thought this when, to

her great surprise, on looking in a great mirror, she saw her own home, where her father was just arriving with a most sad face; her sisters came out to meet him, and, in spite of their efforts to seem sad, it was easy to see that they were glad that their sister was lost to them. In a moment the scene had vanished. Beauty felt that this was a proof of Beast's kindness, and that she had nothing to fear from him.

Toward evening she returned to the great hall and found dinner all ready for her. The most delightful music was heard during the whole meal. When Beauty had finished, the table was cleared, and luscious fruits were brought to her.

At the same hour as on the day before, she heard Beast coming. He advanced toward Beauty, who dared not look up, and said, "Will you permit me to sit with you?"

"That is as you please," replied she.

"Not so," said the Beast, "for you are mistress here; and if my company is disagreeable, I will go; but tell me, Beauty, do you think me very ugly?"

"I do, indeed," said she, "to speak the truth; but I think you are very good."

"You are very right," said the monster; "but that is not all, for I am stupid as well as ugly; I know well that I am nothing but a beast."

"No one is really stupid who thinks that he has

little wit," answered Beauty. "No fool ever yet thought that."

"Ah, well!" said the Beast, "try to make yourself happy here, Beauty; I should be sorry if you were unhappy."

"You are very kind, Beast," said she; "indeed, when I think of your good heart, you no longer seem to me so ugly."

"Dear me, yes," said he; "my heart is good, but, for all that, I am a monster."

"There are many who are more of monsters than you are," said Beauty; "and I like you better with that face than many who, under an appearance of beauty, hide a cruel heart."

"Ah!" said the Beast, "if I were not so stupid, I should know how to thank you."

So Beauty talked to him and gained courage all the time, but she nearly fainted with fright when Beast took hold of her hand, and said, in a gentle voice, "Beauty, will you marry me?" She quickly withdrew her hand, but made no reply, at which the Beast sighed deeply and withdrew. On his next visit he seemed very sad, but said nothing.

Some weeks after he repeated his question, when Beauty replied, "No, Beast, I cannot marry you, but I will do all that I can to make you happy."

"This you cannot do," replied he, "for unless you marry me, I shall die."

"Oh, say not so," said Beauty, "for it is impossible for me ever to marry you."

The Beast then went away more unhappy than ever. Beauty felt sad and said, "'Tis a thousand pities anything so good-natured should be so ugly."

All this time Beauty did not forget her father. One day she felt that she must know how he was, and what he was doing. She cast her eyes on the mirror and saw that her father had mourned till he was ill, and lay in his bed, while her sisters were trying on some fine dresses in another room. At this sad sight poor Beauty wept bitterly.

When the Beast came, he saw her grief and asked

what was the cause. She told him what she had seen and how much she wished to go to nurse her father. He asked her if she would promise to return at the end of a week if she went. Beauty gave her promise. "Well, then," said Beast, "you will find yourself there to-morrow; but do not forget to return. You will only have to place your ring on a table when you go to bed, if you wish to come back. Farewell, Beauty."

When Beauty awoke in the morning, she found herself in her father's cottage; and, on ringing a little bell she found by her bed, the servant entered, and cried out on seeing her. Her father entered on hearing the noise, and almost died of joy when he saw his dear daughter, and for a long time they thought only of each other. Then Beauty remembered that she had no gown to put on; but the servant told her that they had just found a great chest in the next room, and that it was full of golden gowns sewn with diamonds.

Beauty thanked the good Beast in her heart; and, choosing the simplest dress, she told the maid to lock up the others, as she would give them to her sisters. As she said this, the chest disappeared. Her father told her that Beast wished her to keep them for herself. Immediately the dresses and the chest came back to the same place.

Then Beauty put on her dress, and her sisters, who had been sent for, came to see her. They were both

very unhappy. The oldest had married a very handsome young gentleman, but he was so much in love with his own face that he never noticed the beauty of his wife. The other had married a man of wit, who always loved to annoy every one, and especially his wife. The two sisters were very much annoyed at Beauty's return. They had really hoped that the Beast would destroy her. They were angry to see her dressed like a queen, and they were jealous of her beauty.

All that Beauty did to gain the love of her sisters only made them dislike her the more. They went together into the garden, where they could talk without being heard. The older said: "Why should this minx be better off than we are? Let us keep her here beyond the time; and then when she returns, the monster will be so angry that he will destroy her."

In order to succeed, they treated Beauty with great kindness, and showed so much affection that Beauty almost wept for joy. When the week was up, the sisters tore their hair, and acted as though they would die of grief, so that they easily made Beauty agree to stay another week.

However, Beauty worried at the grief she knew she was causing poor Beast, whom she really loved with all her heart, and longed to see again. The tenth night that she spent in her father's house, she dreamed

that she was in the palace garden, and saw Beast lying on the grass and likely to die. Beauty awoke crying. She placed her ring on the table and again fell into a sound sleep. When she awoke, she found herself in the palace. Everything was just as she left it, but the sweet sounds of music that used to greet her were not heard. She felt very sad, but could not tell why.

She expected a visit from Beast at the usual time, but he did not come. She wondered at this, and was very sorry she had not returned as she promised. She feared the poor Beast had died of grief, and resolved to try to find him. She ran through every room in the palace, but could not find him. Then she remembered her dream, and hurried into the garden, going toward a little canal where she had seen him in her sleep. She soon came to a plot of grass where the poor Beast lay as if dead. She ran toward him, and knelt by his side, and, finding that he still lived, sprinkled water over his face.

He opened his eyes and said, "Beauty, you forgot your promise, and I must die."

"No, dear Beast," said Beauty, weeping; "no, you shall not die, you will live to be my husband. I thought I had only friendship for you, but now I know I love you with my whole heart."

As soon as she spoke these words, the Beast disappeared, and she saw at her feet a handsome prince,

who thanked her for having broken his enchantment. At the same moment the whole castle was brilliantly lighted, and the sweetest music was heard.

Beauty could think of nothing but her dear Beast, and she asked the prince where she could find him. "You see him at your feet," said he. Then he told her that a wicked magician had condemned him to wear the form of a beast until a beautiful maiden should consent to marry him. "But," said he, "you were the only one in the world good enough to be touched by my kind heart and unhappy state, so this palace and all that belongs to me is but a poor return for your goodness."

So saying, he led Beauty to the great hall of the palace, which was now thronged with people; for at the same instant that the Beast was changed, the whole palace became full of courtiers, all of whom had been made invisible when the prince was enchanted.

What was Beauty's joy to find there her father and sisters, transported by the kind fairy who had appeared to her in her sleep. "Beauty," said she, "here is the reward of your wise choice. You have chosen goodness, and you shall have beauty and wisdom as well."

Then, turning to the frowning sisters, she punished them by turning them into two statues to stand by the door of their sister's palace until their hard hearts should be softened. The prince married Beauty, and they lived happily together for many, many years.

BABY CORN

AUTHOR NOT KNOWN

A HAPPY mother stalk of corn
Held close a baby ear,
And whispered: "Cuddle up to me;
I'll keep you warm, my dear.
I'll give you petticoats of green,
With many a tuck and fold
To let out daily as you grow;
For you will soon be old."

A funny little baby that,
For though it had no eye,
It had a hundred mouths; 'twas well
It did not want to cry.
The mother put in each small mouth
A hollow thread of silk,
Through which the sun, and rain, and air
Provided baby's milk.

The petticoats were gathered close
Where all the threadlets hung.
And still as summer days went on
To mother stalk it clung;

And all the time it grew and grew —
  Each kernel drank the milk
By day, by night, in shade, in sun,
  From its own thread of silk.

And each grew strong, and full, and round,
  And each was shining white;
The gores and seams were all let out,
  The green skirts fitted tight.
The ear stood straight, and large and tall,
  And when it saw the sun,
Held up its emerald satin gown
  To say, "Your work is done."

"You're large enough," said mother stalk,
  "And now there's no more room
For you to grow." She tied the threads
  Into a soft brown plume —
It floated out upon the breeze
  To greet the dewy morn,
And then the baby said, "Now I'm
  A full-grown ear of corn!"

PLAY-TIME

GABRIEL SETOUN

THE world's a very happy place,
Where every child should dance and sing,
And always have a smiling face,
And never sulk for anything.

THE LITTLE LEAF

HENRY WARD BEECHER

ONCE on a time a little leaf was heard to sigh and cry, as leaves often do when a gentle wind is about. And the twig said: —

"What is the matter, little leaf?"

"The wind," said the leaf, "just told me that one day it would pull me off, and throw me down to the ground to die!"

The twig told it to the branch on which it grew, and the branch told it to the tree. And when the tree heard it, it rustled all over, and sent word back to the leaf: —

"Do not be afraid, hold on tightly, and you shall not go till you want to."

And so the leaf stopped sighing, but went on rustling and singing. Every time the tree shook itself and stirred up all its leaves, the branches shook them-

selves, and the little twig shook itself, and the little leaf danced up and down merrily as if nothing could ever pull it off. And so it grew all summer long until October. And when the bright days of autumn came, the little leaf saw all the leaves around becoming very beautiful. Some were yellow and some were scarlet, and some were striped with both colors. Then it asked the tree what it meant. And the tree said: —

"All these leaves are getting ready to fly away, and they have put on these beautiful colors because of joy."

Then the little leaf began to want to go, and grew very beautiful in thinking of it, and when it was very gay in colors, it saw that the branches of the tree had no color in them, and so the leaf said: —

"O branch, why are you lead-colored and we golden?"

"We must keep on our work clothes," said the tree, "for our life is not done yet, but your clothes are for a holiday, because your task is over."

Just then a little puff of wind came, and the leaf let go without thinking of it, and the wind took it up and turned it over and over, and whirled it like a spark of fire in the air, and then it fell gently down under the fence among hundreds of other leaves, and began to dream a dream so beautiful that perhaps it will last forever.

THE CHILD'S WORLD

WILLIAM BRIGHTY RANDS

GREAT, wide, beautiful, wonderful World,
With the wonderful water round you curled,
And the wonderful grass upon your breast, —
World, you are beautifully drest.

The wonderful air is over me,
And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree;
It walks on the water, and whirls the mills,
And talks to itself on the tops of the hills.

You, friendly Earth! How far do you go
With the wheat fields that nod and the rivers that flow,
With cities and gardens, and cliffs and isles,
And people upon you for thousands of miles?

Ah, you are so great, and I am so small,
I tremble to think of you, World, at all;
And yet, when I said my prayers to-day,
A whisper inside me seemed to say, —

"You are more than the Earth, though you are such
a dot:
You can love and think, and the Earth cannot!"

THE BUSY BEE

ISAAC WATTS

Isaac Watts was born in England in 1674. He wrote a great deal, but is best known by his psalms and hymns, some of which are familiar to nearly every one.

HOW doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower!

How skillfully she builds her cell!
How neat she spreads her wax!

And labors hard to store it well
With the sweet food she makes.

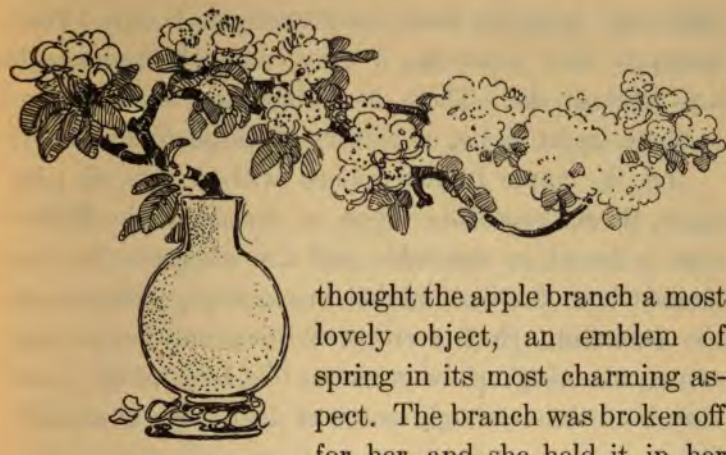
In works of labor or of skill
I would be busy, too,
For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.

In books, or work, or healthful play,
Let my first years be passed;
That I may give for every day
Some good account at last.

THE CONCEITED APPLE BRANCH

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

IT was the month of May. The wind still blew cold; but from bush and tree, field and flower, came the welcome sound, "Spring is come." The hedges were covered with wild flowers. Spring was busy under the little apple tree. He told his tale from one of the branches which was covered with the delicate pink and white buds that were just ready to open. The branch knew very well how beautiful it was. A nobleman's carriage, in which the young countess sat, stopped in the road near by. She



thought the apple branch a most lovely object, an emblem of spring in its most charming aspect. The branch was broken off for her, and she held it in her hand and sheltered it with her silk parasol. Then they drove to the castle in which were lofty halls and splendid drawing-rooms. Pure white curtains fluttered before the open windows, and beautiful flowers stood in shining, transparent vases; and in one of them, which looked as if it had been cut out of new fallen snow, the apple branch was placed, together with some fresh, light twigs of beech. It was a charming sight. Then the branch became proud, which was very much like people.

As the apple branch stood before the open window, he could see out over gardens and fields, where there were flowers and plants, some rich and beautiful, some poor and humble indeed. "Poor, despised herbs," said the apple branch; "there is really a great

difference between them and such as I am. How unhappy they must be, if they can feel as those in my position do! There is a difference indeed, and so there ought to be, or we should all be equals."

And the apple branch looked with a sort of pity upon them, especially upon a certain little flower that is found in the fields and the ditches. No one bound these flowers together in a nosegay; they were too common; they even grew between the paving stones, shooting up everywhere, like bad weeds; and they bore the very ugly name of dogflowers or dandelions.

"Poor, despised plants," said the apple bough, "it is not your fault that you are so ugly, and that you have such an ugly name; but it is with plants as with men, — there must be a difference."

"A difference!" cried the sunbeam, as he kissed the blooming apple branch, and then kissed the yellow dandelion out in the fields. All were brothers, and the sunbeam kissed them — the poor flowers as well as the rich.

The apple bough had never thought of the boundless love of God, which is for all the works of creation, for everything which lives, and moves, and has its being in Him; he had never thought of the good and the beautiful which are so often hidden, but which can never be forgotten by Him, — not only among

the lower creation, but also among men. The sunbeam knew better.

"You do not see very far, or very clearly," he said to the apple branch. "Which is the despised plant you pity?"

"The dandelion," he replied. "No one ever places it in a nosegay; it is often trodden under foot, there are so many of them; and when they run to seed they have flowers like wool, which fly away over the roads in little pieces, and cling to the dresses of people. They are only weeds, but of course there must be weeds. Oh, I am really very thankful that I was not made like one of these flowers."

Soon there came across the fields a whole group of children; the youngest was so small that it had to be carried by the others, and when he was seated on the grass among the yellow flowers he laughed aloud with joy, kicked out his little legs, rolled about, plucked the yellow flowers, and kissed them in childlike innocence. The older children broke off the flowers with long stems, bent the stalks one round the other to form links, and made first a chain for the neck, then one to go across the shoulders and hang down to the waist, and at last a wreath to wear round the head, so that they looked quite splendid in their garlands of green stems and golden flowers. The oldest carefully gathered the faded flowers, on the stem of which

was grouped together the seed, in the form of a white, feathery crown. These loose, airy wool flowers were

very beautiful, and looked like fine snowy feathers or down. The children held them to their mouths and tried to blow away the whole crown with one puff of the breath. They had been told by their grandmothers that whoever did this would be sure to have new clothes before the end of the year. This made the despised flower a prophet.

"Do you see," said the sunbeam, "do you see the beauty of these flowers? Do you see their power to give pleasure?"

"Yes, to children," said the apple bough.

By and by an old woman came into the field, and, with a blunt knife without a handle, began to dig up the roots of the dandelion plants. She would use some of these to make tea for herself, the others she would sell to the chemist.

"But beauty is of higher value than all this," said the apple tree branch; "only the chosen ones can enter the realms of the beautiful. There is a difference between plants, just as there is a difference between men."

Then the sunbeam spoke of the boundless love of God as seen in creation, and over all that lives, and of the equal spread of His gifts, both in time and in eternity.

"That is your opinion," said the apple bough.

Then some people came into the room, among them the young countess who had placed the apple bough in the transparent vase, which was in the sunlight. She carried in her hand something that seemed like a flower. It was hidden by two or three great leaves, which covered it so that no

draught could injure it, and it was carried much more carefully than the apple branch had been. Very cautiously the large leaves were removed, and there appeared the feathery seed crown of the despised dandelion. This was what the young countess had so carefully picked, and brought home so safely that not one of the delicate feathery arrows was lost.

"See," she exclaimed, "how wonderfully God has made this little flower. I will paint it and the apple branch together. Every one admires the beauty of the apple bough, but Heaven has given this humble flower another kind of loveliness; though they differ in appearance, both are children of the realms of beauty."

Then the sunbeam kissed the lowly flower, and the blooming apple branch, upon whose leaves appeared a rosy blush.

THE DARNING NEEDLE

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

THERE was once a darning needle who thought herself so fine as to be fit only for embroidery. "Hold me tight," she would say to the fingers, when they took her up; "don't let me fall; if you do, I shall never be found again, I am so very fine."

"That is your opinion, is it?" said the fingers, as they seized her round the body.

"See, I am coming with a train," said the darning needle, drawing a long thread after her; but there was no knot in the thread.

The fingers then placed the point of the needle against the cook's slipper. There was a crack in the upper leather which had to be sewed together.

"What coarse work!" said the darning needle. "I shall never get through. I shall break! — I am breaking!" and sure enough she broke. "Did I not say so?" said the darning needle. "I know I am too fine for such work as that."

"This needle is quite useless for sewing now," said the fingers; but they still held it fast, and the cook dropped some sealing wax on the needle, and used it to fasten her handkerchief.

"So now I am a breastpin," said the darning needle; "I knew very well I should come to honor some day; merit is sure to rise;" and she laughed quietly, to herself, for of course no one ever saw a darning needle laugh. And there she sat as proudly as if she were in a state coach, and looked all around her. "May I be allowed to ask if you are made of gold?" she inquired of her neighbor, a pin; "you have a very pretty appearance, and a curious head, although you are rather small. You must take pains to grow, for it is not every one who has sealing wax dropped upon him;" and as she spoke the darning needle drew herself up

so proudly that she fell out of the handkerchief into the sink, which the cook was cleaning.

"Now I am going on a journey," said the needle, as she floated away with the dirty water. "I do hope I shall not be lost." But she really was lost in the gutter. "I am too fine for this world," said the darning needle, as she lay in the gutter; "but I know who I am, and that is always some comfort."

So the darning needle kept up her proud behavior and did not lose her good humor. Then there floated over her all sorts of things, — chips and straws, and pieces of old newspaper. "See how they sail," said the darning needle; "they do not know what is under them. I am here, and here I shall stick. See, there goes a chip thinking of nothing in the world but himself — only a chip. There's a straw going by now; how he turns and twists about! Don't be thinking too much of yourself, or you may chance to run against a stone. There swims a piece of newspaper; what is written upon it has been forgotten long ago, and yet it gives itself airs. I sit here patiently and quietly. I know who I am, so I shall not move."

One day something lying close to the darning needle glittered so splendidly that she thought it was a diamond; yet it was only a piece of a broken bottle. The darning needle spoke to it, because it sparkled, and rep-

resented herself as a breastpin. "I suppose you are really a diamond?" she said.

"Why, yes, something of the kind," he replied; and so each believed the other to be very valuable, and they began to talk about the world, and the conceited people in it.

"I have been in a lady's workbox," said the darning needle, "and this lady was the cook. She had on each hand five fingers, and anything so conceited as these five fingers I have never seen; and yet they were only employed to take me out of the box and to put me back again."

"Were they not high born?"

"High born!" said the darning needle, "no, indeed, but so haughty. They were five brothers, all born fingers; they kept very proudly together, though they were of different lengths. The one who stood in the first rank was named the Thumb; he was short and thick, and had only one joint in his back, and could therefore make but one bow, but he said if he were cut off from a man's hand, that man would be unfit for a soldier. Sweet-tooth, his neighbor, dipped himself into sweet or sour, pointed to the sun and moon, and formed the letters when the fingers wrote. Longman, the middle finger, looked over the heads of all the others. Gold-band, the next finger, wore a gold circle round his waist. And little

Playman did nothing at all, and seemed proud of it. They were boasters, and boasters they will remain; and therefore I left them."

"And now we sit here and glitter," said the piece of broken bottle.

At the same moment more water streamed into the gutter, so that it overflowed, and the piece of bottle was carried away.

"So he is promoted," said the darning needle, "while I remain here; I am too fine, but that is my pride, and what do I care?" And so she sat there in her pride, and had many such thoughts as these: "I could almost fancy that I came from a sunbeam, I am so fine. It seems as if the sunbeams were always looking for me under the water. Ah! I am so fine that even my mother cannot find me. Had I still my old eye, which was broken off, I believe I should weep; but no, I would not do that, for it is not genteel to cry."

One day a couple of street boys were paddling in the gutter, for they sometimes found old nails, farthings, and other treasures. It was dirty work, but they took great pleasure in it. "Hallo!" cried one, as he pricked himself with the darning needle, "here's a fellow for you."

"I am not a fellow, I am a young lady," said the darning needle; but no one heard her.

The sealing wax had come off, and she was quite black; but black makes a person look slender, so she thought herself even finer than before.

"Here comes an eggshell sailing along," said one of the boys; so they stuck the darning needle into the eggshell.

"White walls, and I am black myself," said the darning needle; "that looks well; now I can be seen; but I hope I shall not be seasick, or I shall break again." She was not seasick, and she did not break. "It is a good thing against seasickness to have a steel stomach, and not to forget one's importance. Now my seasickness has passed; delicate people can bear a great deal."

Crack went the eggshell, as a wagon passed over it. "How it crushes!" said the darning needle. "I shall be sick now. I am breaking!" but she did not break, though the wagon went over her as she lay at full length; and there let her lie.

THE HARDY TIN SOLDIER

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

ONCE there were five and twenty tin soldiers; they were all brothers, for they had all been born of one old tin spoon. They shouldered their

muskets, and looked straight before them; their uniform was red and blue, and very splendid. The first thing they heard in the world, when the lid was taken off their box, had been the words, "Tin soldiers!"

These words were spoken by a little boy, clapping his hands; the soldiers had been given to him for a birthday present. He put them upon the table; each

soldier was exactly like the rest; but the one that had been cast last had only one leg, as there had not been enough tin to finish him, so he stood on one leg as firmly as the others upon two. It was this soldier who became remarkable.

There were many other playthings on the table on which the tin soldiers had been placed, but the toy that was most admired was a neat castle of cardboard. Through the little windows one could see straight into the hall. Some little trees were placed before the castle, near a round mirror that was to rep-

resent a lake. Swans of wax swam on this lake, and were reflected by it. This was all very pretty; but the prettiest of all was a little lady, who stood at the open door of the castle; she was cut out in paper, but she had a dress of the clearest gauze, and a little narrow blue ribbon over her shoulders, that looked like a scarf; and in the middle of this ribbon was a shining tinsel rose as big as her whole face. The little lady stretched out both her arms, for she was a dancer; and then she lifted one leg so high that the Tin Soldier could not see it at all, and thought that, like himself, she had but one leg.

"That would be the wife for me," thought he; "but she is very grand. She lives in a castle, and I have only a box, and there are five and twenty of us in that. It is no place for her. But I must try to get acquainted with her."

Then he lay down at full length behind a snuff-box which was on the table; there he could easily watch the dainty lady, who continued to stand upon one leg without losing her balance.

When the evening came, all the other tin soldiers were put into their box, and the people in the house went to bed. Now the toys began to play at "visiting," and at "war," and "giving balls." The tin soldiers rattled in their box, for they wanted to join, but could not lift the lid. The nutcracker threw somer-

saults, and the pencil amused itself on the table; there was so much noise that the canary woke up, and began to speak too, and even in verse. The only two who did not stir from their places were the Tin Soldier and the Dancing Lady: she stood straight up on the point of one of her toes, and stretched out both her arms; and he was just as immovable on his one leg; and he never turned his eyes away from her. The clock struck twelve — and, bounce! the lid flew off the snuffbox; but there was no snuff in it, but a little black goblin: you see, it was a trick.

"Tin Soldier!" said the Goblin, "don't stare at things that don't concern you."

But the Tin Soldier pretended not to hear him.

"Just you wait till to-morrow!" said the Goblin.

When the morning came, and the children got up, the Tin Soldier was placed in the window; and whether it was the Goblin or the draught that did it, all at once the window flew open, and the Soldier fell out head over heels. It was a terrible passage! He put his leg straight up, and struck with helmet downward, his bayonet between the paving stones.

The servant maid and the little boy came down to look for him, but though they almost trod upon him,

they did not see him. If the Soldier had cried out, they would have found him; but he did not think it proper to call out loudly, because he was in uniform.

It began to rain; the drops fell thicker and thicker, and at last the water fell almost in streams. When the rain was over, two street boys came by.

"Just look!" said one of them, "there lies a Tin Soldier. He must come out and ride in a boat."

They made a boat out of a newspaper, and put the Tin Soldier in the middle of it, so he sailed down the gutter, and the two boys ran beside him and clapped their hands. It had been a heavy rain. How the waves rose in the gutter, and how fast the stream ran! The paper boat rocked up and down, and turned round so rapidly that the Tin Soldier trembled; but he never changed countenance, and looked straight before him, and shouldered his musket.

All at once the boat went into a long drain, and it was as dark as if he were in a box. "Where am I going now?" he thought. "Yes, yes, that is the Goblin's fault. Ah! if the little lady only sat here with me, it might be twice as dark for all that I would care."

Suddenly there came a great Water Rat, which lived under the drain. "Have you a passport?" said the Rat. "Give me your passport."

But the Tin Soldier kept silence, and held his musket tighter than ever. The boat went on, but the Rat came

after it. How he gnashed his teeth, and called out to the bits of straw and wood!

"Hold him! Hold him! He hasn't paid his toll — he hasn't shown his passport!" But the stream became stronger and stronger. The Tin Soldier could see the bright daylight where the arch ended; but he heard a roaring noise that might well frighten a bolder man. Just where the tunnel ended, the drain ran into a great canal, and for him that was as dangerous as to be carried down a great waterfall.

He was already so near it he could not stop. The boat whirled round three or four times, and was full of water to the very edge — it must sink. The Tin Soldier stood up to his neck in water, and the boat sank deeper and deeper; the paper was loosened more and more; the water closed over the Soldier's head. Then he thought of the pretty little Dancer whom he would never see again; the paper parted, and the Tin Soldier fell out; but at that moment he was snapped up by a great fish.

Oh, how dark it was in that fish's body! It was darker than in the drain tunnel; and then it was very narrow, too. The Tin Soldier lay at full length, shouldering his musket.

The fish swam to and fro; he made the most wonderful movements, and then became quite still. At last something flashed through him like lightning. The daylight shone quite clear, and a voice said, "The Tin Soldier!" The fish had been caught, carried to market, bought, taken into the kitchen, where the cook cut him open with a large knife. She took the Soldier and carried him into the room, where all were anxious to see the Soldier who had traveled about inside a fish; but the Tin Soldier was not at all proud. They placed him on the table. What curious things may happen in the world! The Tin Soldier was in the very room in which he had been before! He saw the same children,

and the same toys on the table; and there was the pretty castle with the graceful little Dancer. She was still balancing herself on one leg. She was hardy, too. That moved the Tin Soldier; he was very nearly weeping tin tears, but that would not have been proper. He looked at her, but they said nothing to each other.

Then one of the little boys took the Tin Soldier and threw him into the stove. He gave no reason for doing this. It must have been the fault of the Goblin in the snuffbox.

The Tin Soldier stood there brightly lighted up, and felt a heat that was terrible; but whether this heat was caused by fire or love, he did not know. The colors had quite gone off from him; but whether that had happened on the journey, or had been caused by grief, no one could say. He looked at the little lady, she looked at him, and he felt that he was melting; but he still stood firm, shouldering his musket. Then suddenly the door flew open, and a draught of air caught the Dancer and she flew like a sylph to the Tin Soldier in the stove, and flashed up in a flame and was gone. The Tin Soldier melted down into a lump; and when the servant maid took the ashes out the next day, she found him in the shape of a little tin heart. Of the Dancer nothing was left but the tinsel rose, and that was burned as black as a coal.

THE SILVER SHILLING

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

THERE was once a Shilling who came out bright from the mint, and sprang up, and rang out, "Hurrah! Now I am off into the wide world." And into the wide world he certainly went.

The child held him with soft, warm hands; the miser clutched him in a cold, greedy palm; the old man turned him goodness knows how many times before parting with him; while careless youth rolled him lightly away. The Shilling was of silver, and had very little copper about him; he had been a whole year in the world — that is to say, in the country in which he had been coined. One day he started on his foreign travels: he was the last native coin in the purse of his traveling master, who did not know that he had the coin till he came across it by chance.

"Why, here is a shilling from home," he said. "Well, he can journey with me."

The Shilling rattled and jumped for joy as it was thrust back into the purse. It lay among strange companions, who came and went, each making room for its successor, but the Shilling from home always remained in the purse.

Several weeks passed by, and the Shilling had

traveled far without knowing exactly where he was, though he learned from the other coins that they were French and Italian. One said they were in such and such a town, another that they had reached such and such a spot; but this meant nothing to the Shilling. He who has his head in a bag sees nothing, and this was the case with the Shilling.

One day he noticed that the purse was not shut, so he crept forward to the opening, to take a look around. He ought not to have done so; but he was curious, and people often have to pay for that. He slipped out into the pocket; when the purse was taken out at night, the Shilling remained and was sent away with the clothes. He fell upon the floor, but no one heard or saw him.

Next morning the gentleman went on his journey, but the Shilling remained behind. The coin was found, and put in service again.

"It is pleasant to look about in the world," thought the Shilling, "and to learn foreign customs, and know strange people."

Now began the history of the Shilling as told by himself.

"'Away with him, he's bad — no use!' These words went through and through me," said the Shilling. "I knew I sounded well and had been coined properly. These people were certainly mistaken.

They could not mean me! But, yes, they did. I was the one of whom they said, 'He's bad — he's no good.' 'I must get rid of that fellow in the dark,' said the man who received me; and I was passed at night and abused in the daytime. 'Bad — no good,' was the cry; 'we must make haste and get rid of him.'

"I trembled in the fingers of the holder each time I was to be passed as a coin of the country.

"What a miserable Shilling I am! Of what use is my silver to me, my value, my coinage, if all these things are looked on as worthless? In the eyes of the world one has only the value the world chooses to put on one. It must be terrible indeed to have a bad conscience, and to creep along in evil ways, if I, who am quite innocent, can feel so badly because I am thought guilty.

"Each time I was brought out I shuddered at the thought of the eyes that would look at me, for I knew I should be rejected and flung back upon the table, like a cheat. Once I came into the hands of a poor old woman, to whom I was paid for a hard day's work, and she could not get rid of me at all. No one would accept me, and I was a great worry to the poor old woman.

"'I shall certainly be forced to deceive some one with this shilling,' she said; 'for, with the best will in the world, I can't hoard up a false shilling. The

rich baker shall have him; he will be able to bear the loss — but it is wrong in me to do it, after all.'

"'I must lie heavy on that woman's conscience,' sighed I. 'Am I really so much changed in my old age?'

"The woman went her way to the rich baker; but he knew too well what kind of shillings would pass, to take me, and he threw me back at the woman. I felt much ashamed that I should be the cause of distress in others — I, who in my young days had been so proud of my value. I became as miserable as a poor shilling can be whom no one will accept; but the woman took me home again, and looked at me with a friendly face, and said: —

"'No, I will not deceive any one with thee. I will bore a hole through thee, that every one may see that thou art a false thing. And yet — it just occurs to me — perhaps this is a lucky shilling; the thought comes so strongly upon me that I am sure it must be true! I will make a hole through the shilling, and pass a string through the hole, and hang the coin around the neck of my neighbor's little boy for a lucky shilling.'

"So she bored a hole through me. It is not agreeable to have a hole bored through one; but many things can be borne when the intention is good. A thread was passed through the hole, and I became

a kind of medal, and was hung around the neck of the little child, who smiled at me, and kissed me, and I slept all night on its warm, innocent neck.

"When the morning came, the child's mother took me up in her fingers and looked at me, and she had her own thoughts about me, I could feel that very well. She brought out a pair of scissors, and cut the string. 'A lucky shilling!' she said. 'Well, we shall soon see as to that.'

"She laid me in vinegar, and I turned quite green. Then she plugged up the hole, and carried me in the evening to the lottery shop, to buy a lottery ticket that should bring her luck.

"How miserable I felt! There was a stinging feeling in me, as if I should crumble into bits. I knew that I should be called false and thrown down — and before a crowd of shillings and other coins, too, who lay there with an image of which they might feel proud. I escaped that disgrace, for there were many people in the shop, and the keeper had a great deal to do, so I went rattling down into a box with the other coins. Whether my ticket won anything or not, I do not know; but I do know that the very next morning I was called a bad shilling, and sent out to deceive again and again.

"For a year and a day I wandered from hand to hand, and from house to house, always abused, always

unwelcome, never trusted. I lost confidence in the world, and in myself. It was a sad time. One day a traveler, a strange gentleman, took me for a good coin, but when he tried to pass me on, I heard the old cry of, 'No use — false!'

"'I received it as a good coin,' said the man, and he looked closely at me; suddenly he smiled all over his face. I had never seen that expression on any face that looked at me. 'Why, that is one of my own country coins,' he said. 'A good honest shilling from my home, and they have bored a hole through him, and they call him false. This is very curious. I must keep him and take him home with me.'

"A glow of joy thrilled me as I heard myself called a good honest shilling. I was to be taken home, where every one would know me, and be sure that I was real silver. I could have thrown out sparks for very gladness; but after all, it is not in my nature to throw out sparks. It is steel that does that, not silver.

"I was wrapped up in clean white paper, so that I should not become mixed with the other coins and spent. At last I got home again. All my troubles were ended, joy came back to me, for I was of good silver, and had the right stamp. One must wait for the end, and one will be righted at last — that is my belief," said the Shilling.

THE NIGHTINGALE

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

IN China, you must know, the Emperor is a Chinaman, and all the people about him are Chinamen, too. It happened a good many years ago, but that is why it is worth while to hear the story before it is forgotten. The Emperor's palace was the most splendid in the world; it was made entirely of porcelain, and very costly, but so delicate and brittle that one had to take care how he touched it. In the garden were to be seen the most wonderful flowers, and to the costliest of them were tied silver bells which sounded so that no one might pass by without noticing them. Everything in the Emperor's garden was wonderful. It extended so far that the gardener himself did not know where the end was. If one went on and on, he came into a glorious forest with high trees and deep lakes. The wood extended right down to the sea, which was blue and deep; great ships could sail beneath the branches of the trees; and in the trees lived a Nightingale, which sang so splendidly that even the poor fisherman, who had many other things to do, stood still and listened, when he went at night to throw out his nets.

As he listened to the Nightingale, he said, "How beautiful that is!" but he was obliged to attend to

his work, and so forgot the bird. The next night the bird sang again, and as the fisherman heard it, he said once more, "How beautiful that is!"

From all the cities of the world travelers came to the city of the Emperor, and admired it, and the palace, and the garden, but when they heard the Nightingale, they said, "That is the best of all!"

And the travelers told of it when they went home; and the learned men wrote many books about the town, the palace, and the garden. But they did not forget the Nightingale; that was placed highest of all; and those who were poets wrote beautiful poems about the Nightingale in the wood by the deep lake.

The books went all over the world, and a few of them once came to the Emperor. He sat in his golden chair, and read, and read; every moment he nodded his head, for it pleased him to read the fine descriptions of the city, the palace, and the garden, "But the Nightingale is best of all." That was written again and again.

"What is that!" exclaimed the Emperor. "I don't know the Nightingale at all! Is there such a bird in my empire, and even in my garden? I never heard of that. To think that I should have to learn such a thing for the first time from books!"

And then he called his cavalier, who was so grand

that if any one lower in rank than himself dared to speak to him, or ask him a question, he answered nothing but "Pu!" — and that meant nothing.

"There is said to be a wonderful bird here called a Nightingale," said the Emperor. "They say it is the best thing in all my great empire. Why have I never heard anything about it?"

"I have never heard him named," replied the cavalier. "He has never been introduced at Court."

"I command that he shall appear this evening, and sing before me," said the Emperor. "All the world knows what I possess, and I do not know it myself!"

"I have never heard him mentioned," said the cavalier. "I will seek for him. I will find him."

But where was he to be found? The cavalier ran up and down all the stairways, through halls and passages, but no one whom he met had heard of the Nightingale. The cavalier went back to the Emperor and said the story of the Nightingale must be a fable told by the writers of books.

"Your Majesty cannot imagine how much is written that is fiction, to say nothing of what they call the black art."

"But the book in which I read the story of the Nightingale," said the Emperor, "was sent to me by the great Emperor of Japan, and it must be true. I

will hear the Nightingale! It must be here this evening! It has my imperial favor; and if it does not come, all the Court shall be trampled upon after the Court has supped!"

"Tsing-pe!" said the cavalier; and again he ran up and down all the stairways, and through all the halls and corridors; and half the Court ran with him, for the courtiers did not like being trampled upon.

Then there was great inquiry after the wonderful Nightingale, which all the world knew excepting the people at Court.

At last they met with a poor little girl in the kitchen, who said: "The Nightingale? I know it well; yes, it can sing gloriously. Every evening I get leave to carry to my poor sick mother the scraps from the table. She lives down by the shore; and when I get back and am tired, and rest in the wood, then I hear the Nightingale sing. Then the water comes into my eyes, and it is as if my mother kissed me."

"Little kitchen girl," said the cavalier, "I will get you a place in the kitchen, with permission to see the Emperor dine, if you will lead us to the Nightingale, for it is announced for this evening."

They all went out into the wood where the Nightingale sang; half the Court went with them. When they were on their way, a cow began to low.

"Oh!" cried the Court pages, "now we have it!

That shows a wonderful power for so small a creature! We have certainly heard this before."

"No, those are the cows lowing," said the little kitchen girl. "We are a long way from the place yet."

The frogs in the marsh began to croak.

"Glorious!" said the Court preacher. "Now I hear it — it sounds just like little church bells."

"No, those are frogs," said the little kitchen maid. "But I think we shall soon hear it now." Then the Nightingale began to sing.

"That is it!" exclaimed the little girl. "Listen, listen! And yonder it sits."

She pointed to a little gray bird sitting in a tree.

"Is it possible!" said the cavalier. "I should never have thought it looked like that! How simple it looks! It must have lost its color at seeing such grand people around."

"Little Nightingale!" called the little kitchen maid, quite loudly, "our gracious Emperor wishes you to sing before him."

"With the greatest pleasure!" replied the Nightingale, who began to sing in the sweetest way.

"It sounds just like glass bells!" said the cavalier. "And look at its little throat, how it is working! It is wonderful that we never heard it before. It will be a great success at Court."

"Shall I sing once more before the Emperor?" said the Nightingale, for it thought the Emperor was present.

"My excellent little Nightingale," said the cavalier, "I have great pleasure in inviting you to a Court festival this evening, when you shall charm his Imperial Majesty with your beautiful singing."

"My song sounds best in the green wood," replied the Nightingale; still it came willingly when it learned what the Emperor wished.

The palace was very beautiful. The walls and floor, which were of porcelain, shone in the light of thousands of golden lamps. In the passages were

beautiful flowers which could ring clearly. There was running to and fro, and all the bells rang so loudly that one could hardly hear the sound of his own voice.

In the midst of the great hall where the Emperor sat, a golden perch had been placed, on which the Nightingale was to sit. The whole Court was there, and the little kitchen maid had leave to stand behind the door. All were in full dress, and all looked at the little gray bird to which the Emperor nodded.

The Nightingale sang so gloriously that tears came into the Emperor's eyes, and ran down over his cheeks; then the Nightingale sang still more sweetly. The Emperor was so pleased that he said the Nightingale should have his golden slipper. This the Nightingale declined, saying, "I have seen tears in the Emperor's eyes — that is a real treasure to me. I am rewarded enough." Then it sang again with a sweet, glorious voice.

The Nightingale was to remain at Court and have its own cage, with liberty to go out twice each day and once at night. When the Nightingale went out, twelve servants looked after it, each one having a silken string fastened to the bird's legs. There was no pleasure in going out in this way.

The whole city spoke of the wonderful bird. Eleven peddlers' children were named after it, but not one of them could sing a note.

One day the Emperor received a large parcel on which was written, "The Nightingale."

"There we have a new book about this celebrated bird," said the Emperor.

It was not a book, but a little work of art, in a box, an artificial Nightingale, which could be made to sing like a natural one. It was ornamented with diamonds, sapphires, and rubies. When it was wound up, it would sing one of the songs that the real Nightingale sang. His tail would move up and down, and it shone with silver and gold. Round its neck hung a little ribbon on which was written, "The Emperor of China's nightingale is poor compared with that of the Emperor of Japan."

"That is capital!" they all said, and he who brought the artificial bird was given the title, Imperial Head-Nightingale-Bringer.

"Now they must sing together; what a duet that will be!" cried the courtiers. And so they did sing together; but it did not sound very well, for the real Nightingale sang its own way, and the artificial bird sang waltzes.

"That is not his fault," said the playmaster; "he is quite perfect, and very much in my style."

Now the artificial bird was to sing alone. He had just as great success as the real one, and was much handsomer to look at.

Three and thirty times over did it sing the same piece, and yet was not tired. The people would gladly have heard it again, but the Emperor said that the living Nightingale ought to sing something. But where was it? No one had noticed that it had flown out of the open window, back to the green wood.

"But what has become of it?" asked the Emperor.

All the courtiers abused the Nightingale, and said that it was a very ungrateful creature.

"We have the best bird, after all," said they.

And so the artificial bird had to sing again, and that was the thirty-fourth time that they had listened to the same piece. Still they did not quite know it by heart. The playmaster praised the bird very much and said it was better than the Nightingale, not only because of its plumage and its many beautiful diamonds, but for its song as well.

"For you see, ladies and gentlemen, and, above all, your Imperial Majesty, with a real Nightingale one can never tell what is coming, but with this artificial bird one always knows what to look for. One can explain it; one can open it and show the people where the waltzes come from, how they go, and how one follows another."

"Those are quite our own ideas," they all said.

The speaker was allowed to show the bird to the people the next Sunday. The people were to hear

it sing, too, and they did hear it, and were as much pleased as though they had all got tipsy on tea, as the Chinese do, and they all said, "Oh!" and held up their forefingers and nodded. But the poor fisherman who had heard the real Nightingale said: —

"It sounds pretty enough, and the melodies resemble each other, but there is something lacking, though I do not know what."

The real Nightingale was banished from the empire. The artificial bird was given a place on a silken cushion close to the Emperor's bed; all the presents it had received, gold and precious stones, were placed near it; its title had been changed to High Imperial After-Dinner-Singer. The playmaster wrote a work of five and twenty volumes about the artificial bird: it was very learned and very long, full of the most difficult Chinese words; but yet all the people declared that they had read it and understood it, for fear of being considered stupid.

So a whole year went by. The Emperor, the Court, and all the other Chinese knew every little twitter in the artificial bird's song by heart. Just for that reason it pleased them best — they could sing with it themselves, and they did so. The street boys sang it. The Emperor himself sang it, too.

But one evening, when the artificial bird was singing its best, and the Emperor lay in bed listening to

it, something inside the bird said, "Whizz!" Something cracked. "Whir-r-r!" All the wheels ran round, and then the music stopped.

The Emperor immediately sprang out of bed, and caused his body physician to be called, but what could he do? Then they sent for a watchmaker, and after a great deal of talking the bird was put in order, but the watchmaker said it must be very carefully treated, for the barrels were worn, and new ones could not be put in so that the music would go. There was great mourning, and the bird was permitted to sing only once a year, and that was almost too much. But then the playmaster made a little speech, full of heavy words, and said that this was just as good as before — and so of course it was as good as before.

Five years went by, and a real grief came upon the whole nation. The Chinese were really very fond of their Emperor, and he was ill, and it was said he could not live much longer. Already a new Emperor had been chosen, and the people stood out on the street and asked the cavalier how the Emperor was.

Cold and pale lay the Emperor in his great, gorgeous bed; the whole Court thought him dead, and each one ran to pay homage to the new ruler. The chamberlains ran out to talk it over, and the ladies' maids had a great coffee party. All about, in the halls and passages, cloth had been laid down so that

no footstep could be heard, and so it was quiet there, very quiet. But the Emperor was not dead yet; stiff and pale he lay on the gorgeous bed, with the long velvet curtains and the heavy gold tassels; high up a window stood open, and the moon shone in upon the Emperor and the artificial bird.

The poor Emperor could scarcely breathe; it was as if something lay upon his chest: he opened his eyes and saw it was Death who sat upon his chest, and had put on his golden crown, and held in one hand the Emperor's sword, and in the other his beautiful banner. All around from among the folds of his splendid curtains strange heads peered forth, a few very ugly, the rest quite lovely and mild. They were the Emperor's bad and good deeds that stood before him now that Death sat upon his heart.

"Do you remember this?" whispered one to the other. "Do you remember that?" And then they told him so much that the perspiration ran down from his forehead.

"I did not know that!" said the Emperor. "Music! Music! The great Chinese drum!" he cried, "so that I need not hear all they say!"

They continued speaking, and Death nodded like a Chinaman to all they said.

"Music! Music!" cried the Emperor. "You little precious, golden bird, sing, sing! I have given you

gold and costly presents; I have even hung my golden slipper around your neck — sing, now, sing!"

But the bird stood still; no one was there to wind him up, and he could not sing without that, but Death continued to stare at the Emperor with his great hollow eyes, and it was quiet, fearfully quiet.

Suddenly there sounded from the window the most lovely song. It was the little live Nightingale that

sat outside on a spray. It had heard of the Emperor's sad sickness, and had come to sing to him of comfort and hope. As it sang, the specters grew paler and paler, the blood ran more and more quickly through

the Emperor's weak limbs, and even Death listened, and said: —

"Go on, little Nightingale, go on!"

"But will you give me that splendid sword? Will you give me that rich banner? Will you give me the Emperor's crown?"

And Death gave up each of these treasures for a song. The Nightingale sang on and on; it sang of the quiet churchyard where the white roses grow, where the elder blossoms smell sweet, where the fresh grass is moistened by the tears of the survivors. Then Death felt a longing to see his garden, and floated out of the window in the form of a cold white mist.

"Thanks! Thanks!" said the Emperor. "You heavenly little bird, I know you well. I banished you from my empire, and yet you have charmed the evil faces from my couch, and banished Death from my heart! How can I reward you?"

"You have rewarded me!" replied the Nightingale. "The first time I sang for you, I drew tears from your eyes — I shall never forget that. Those are the jewels that rejoice a singer's heart. But sleep now, and grow fresh and strong again."

The bird sang and the Emperor fell into a deep sleep. How mild and refreshing that sleep was! When he awoke, refreshed and restored, the sun was shining in upon him through the windows, but none

of his servants had returned, for they all thought him dead. The Nightingale still sat beside him and sang.

"You must always stay with me," said the Emperor. "You shall sing as you please; I will break the artificial bird into a thousand pieces!"

"Not so," said the Nightingale. "It did well as long as it could; keep it as you have done. I cannot build my nest in the palace. Let me come when I wish. I will sit in the evening, on the spray yonder, and sing you something so that you will be glad and thoughtful at the same time. I will sing of those who are happy and of those who suffer. I will sing of the good and evil that is hidden round about you. The little singing bird flies far, to the poor fisherman, to the peasant's roof, to every one who dwells far from you and from your Court. I will come and sing to you — but one thing you must promise me."

"Everything!" said the Emperor; and he stood there in his imperial robes, which he had put on himself, and pressed his sword to his heart.

"One thing I beg of you. Tell no one that you have a little bird who tells you everything. Then it will go all the better."

And the Nightingale flew away.

The servants came in to look at their dead Emperor, and — yes, there he stood, and the Emperor said, "Good morning!"

THE PEDDLER'S CARAVAN

WILLIAM BRIGHTY RANDS

I WISH I lived in a caravan,
With a horse to drive, like a Peddler-man!
Where he comes from nobody knows,
Or where he goes to, but on he goes.

His caravan has windows two,
And a chimney of tin, that the smoke comes through;
He has a wife, with a baby brown,
And they go riding from town to town.

Chairs to mend, and delf to sell!
He clashes the basins like a bell;
Tea trays, baskets ranged in order,
Plates with the alphabet round the border!

The roads are brown, and the sea is green,
But his house is just like a bathing machine;
The world is round, and he can ride,
Rumble and splash, to the other side!

With the Peddler-man I should like to roam,
And write a book when I came home;
All the people would read my book,
Just like the travels of Captain Cook.

THE SWEET LITTLE DOLL

CHARLES KINGSLEY

Charles Kingsley was born in England in 1819. He wrote sermons, novels, poems, and juvenile stories. This poem will give you an idea of his style. "Water Babies" is a juvenile story that is very popular.

I ONCE had a sweet little doll, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world;
Her cheeks were so red and so white, dears,
And her hair was so charmingly curled,
And I lost my sweet little doll, dears,
As I played on the heath one day,
And I cried for more than a week, dears,
But I never could find where she lay.

And I found my sweet little doll, dears,
As I played on the heath one day;

Folks say she is terribly changed, dears,
For her paint is all washed away,
And her arms trodden off by the cows, dears,
And her hair not the least bit curled;
But for the old sake's sake she is still, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world.

THANKSGIVING DAY

LYDIA MARIA CHILD

Lydia Maria Child was born in Massachusetts in 1802. She wrote juvenile miscellany and much besides.

OVER the river and through the wood,
To grandfather's house we go;
The horse knows the way
To carry the sleigh
Through the white and drifted snow.

Over the river and through the wood,
Oh, how the wind does blow!

It stings the toes
And bites the nose,
As over the ground we go.

Over the river and through the wood,
To have a first-rate play;
Hear the bells ring,
"Ting-a-ling-ding,"
Hurrah for Thanksgiving Day!

Over the river and through the wood,
Trot fast, my dapple-gray!
Spring over the ground
Like a hunting hound!
For this is Thanksgiving Day!

Over the river and through the wood,
And straight through the barnyard gate.
We seem to go
Extremely slow —
It is so hard to wait!

Over the river and through the wood,
Now grandmother's cap I spy!
Hurrah for the fun!
Is the pudding done?
Hurrah for the pumpkin pie!

FOUR-LEAF CLOVER

ELLA HIGGINSON

I KNOW a place where the sun is like gold,
And the cherry blooms burst with snow,
And down underneath is the loveliest nook,
Where the four-leaf clovers grow.

One leaf is for hope, and one is for faith,
And one is for love, you know,
And God put another in for luck —
If you search, you will find where they grow.

But you must have hope, and you must have faith,
You must love and be strong — and so —
If you work, if you wait, you will find the place
Where the four-leaf clovers grow.

TO A FLY

WILLIAM OLDYS

BUSY, curious, thirsty Fly,
Drink with me, and drink as I!
Freely welcome to my cup,
Couldst thou sip, and sip it up.
Make the most of life you may!
Life is short and wears away.

Both alike are mine and thine,
Hast'ning quick to its decline, —
Thine's a summer; mine's no more,
Though repeated to threescore, —
Threescore summers, when they're gone,
Will appear as short as one.

KING BELL

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

LONG years ago there lived a king,
A mighty man and bold,
Who had two sons, named Dong and Ding,
Of whom this tale is told.

Prince Ding was clear of voice, and tall,
A prince in every line;
Prince Dong, his voice was very small,
And he but four feet nine.

Now both these sons were very dear
To Bell, the mighty king.
They always hastened to appear
When he for them would ring.

Ding never failed the first to be,
But Dong he followed well,
And at the second summons he
Responded to King Bell.

This promptness of each royal prince
Is all of them we know,
Except that all their kindred since
Have done exactly so.

And if you chance to know a king
  Like this one of the song,
Just listen once — and there is Ding;
  Again — and there is Dong.

THE FIR TREE

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

OUT in the forest was a pretty little Fir Tree. It stood where it could have the sunlight, and where there was plenty of air. It had many larger companions, pines as well as firs. The little Fir Tree was not happy. It wanted to become larger. It did not care for the warm sun and fresh air; it took no notice of the children who had come out to look for berries. But the children noticed it, and when they had a whole basket of berries, or had strung berries on a straw, they would sit down by the little Fir Tree

and say, "How pretty and how small this one is!" The Fir Tree did not like to hear this. He did not like to be called small.

The next year he had grown a whole joint, and the year after, another. "Oh, if I were only as large as the others!" sighed the little Fir, "then I would spread my branches, and from my crown I would look out into the wide world. Then the birds would build nests in my boughs, and when the wind blew I would nod as proudly as they."

The sunshine, and the birds, and the red clouds, and all that should have made the Fir Tree happy, gave it no pleasure.

When the winter came, and the snow lay all around, white, beautiful, and sparkling, and the Hares played about, jumping right over the little Fir Tree, it grew angry, instead of being happy as it should have been. But the third winter came, and the little tree had grown so tall that the Hares were obliged to run around it.

"Oh! To grow, and grow, and become old, that is the only fine thing in the world," thought the little Fir Tree.

Every fall men came and cut a few of the largest trees. The great trees fell to the ground with a crash. Their branches were cut off, and they were so long, and slender, and naked, that one would hardly know them. They were loaded upon wagons, and horses drew

them away, out of the wood. Where were they going? What was to be done with them? The little Fir Tree was now quite well grown, and all this made it shudder with fear.

In the spring when the Swallows and the Storks came, the little Fir Tree asked them what had become of the large trees.

The Swallows knew nothing about it, but a Stork looked thoughtful, nodded his head, and said: "I think I know. I met many new ships when I flew out of Egypt, and they had high masts. I think they were the trees. They smelled like fir."

"Oh, I wish I were big enough to go over the sea," said the Fir Tree. "What kind of a thing is the sea, and how does it look?"

"It would take too long to explain all that," said the Stork, and away he went.

"Rejoice in your youth," said the Sunbeams; "rejoice in your fresh growth and young life," and the Wind kissed the Tree, and the Dew wept tears upon it; but the Fir Tree did not understand it.

Just before Christmas time, young trees, some neither so large nor so old as the Fir Tree, were cut, and with their branches all untouched were drawn away out of the wood.

"Where are they all going?" asked the Fir Tree. "They are not larger than I am. Indeed, one of

them was much smaller. Why do they keep all their branches? Where are they taken?"

"We know! We know!" chirped the Swallows. "We know where they go. We have seen them in the windows in the town yonder. Oh! They are dressed up beautifully. We have looked in the windows, and seen them planted in the middle of a warm room, covered with the most beautiful things, — gilt apples, honey cakes, playthings, and hundreds of candles."

"And what happens then?" asked the Fir Tree, trembling in all its branches.

"Why, we have not seen anything more," said the Swallows, "but it was very, very beautiful."

The Fir Tree was very happy, and said: "Perhaps that will be my fate some day. That would be even better than traveling across the sea. Oh, how I long for it! If it were only Christmas time now! Oh, if I were only on the carriage! If I were only in the warm room with all the beautiful things! And then? Yes, there must be something grander to come. Oh! How I am longing for it!"

"Rejoice in us," said the Air and Sunshine. "Rejoice in your fresh youth here in the woods."

But the Fir Tree did not rejoice at all. It grew and grew. It stood there, a dark, beautiful green, winter and summer. People who saw it said, "What a handsome tree!"

When Christmas time came again, it was cut down before any of the others. The ax cut deep into its marrow, and it fell to the ground with a sigh; it felt faint and could not think at all of happiness. After all, it felt sad at parting from its home. It knew that it would never again see its dear old companions, the little bushes, the flowers, perhaps not even the birds. It had longed to go, but, after all, the parting was a sad one.

The Tree only came to itself when it was unloaded in a yard with other trees, and heard a man say, "This is a famous one; this is the one we want."

Two servants came and carried the Fir Tree into a large, beautiful room. Pictures were hung all around the walls. Large Chinese vases, with lions on the covers, stood by the great stove. There were rocking-chairs, silken sofas, great tables covered with picture books, and toys worth a hundred times a hundred dollars; at least the children said so.

The Fir Tree was put into a great tub filled with sand; but no one could see that it was a tub, for it was hung round with green cloth, and stood on a many-colored carpet. Oh, how the Tree trembled! What was to happen now? The servants and the young ladies hung beautiful things on its branches: nets filled with sweetmeats, golden apples, dolls that looked like real people, and more than a hundred

little candles. On the very top of the Tree was fixed a tinsel star. It was splendid, very splendid. "This evening," they all said, "this evening it will shine."

"Oh," thought the Tree, "I wish it were evening already! I hope the lights will be lit soon. I wonder if the trees will come out of the forest to look at me! Will the Sparrows fly against the panes? Shall I grow fast here, and be so beautiful, summer and winter?"

At last the candles were lighted. How bright and beautiful it was! The Tree trembled so in all its branches that one of the candles set fire to a green twig, and it was scorched.

The folding doors were now thrown open, and a number of children rushed in. The older people followed quietly. The little ones stood quite silent for a minute, and then they shouted till the room rang. They danced around the Tree, as one present after another was taken from it.

"What are they about?" thought the Tree. "What is going to be done?"

As the candles burned down to the twigs, they were put out, and the children had permission to plunder the Tree. How they rushed in upon it! Every branch crackled! If it had not been fastened to the ceiling, it would have fallen down.

The children danced about with their pretty toys.

No one looked at the Tree, except one old man, who came up and peeped among the branches, but only to see if a fig or an apple had not been forgotten.

"A story! A story!" shouted the children. And they drew a little fat man toward the Tree, and he sat down just beneath it. "For then we shall be in the greenwood," said he, "and the Tree may have the advantage of listening to my tale. But I can tell only one. Will you have the story of Ivede-Avede, or of Klumpey-Dumpey, who fell downstairs, and still was raised up to honor, and married the Princess?"

"Ivede-Avede!" cried some; "Klumpey-Dumpey!" cried others. And there was great crying out, and shouting. The Fir Tree was quite silent, and thought,

"Shall I not be in it? Shall I have nothing to do in it?" But he had been in the evening's amusement, and had done his part.

And the fat man told about Klumpey-Dumpey, who fell downstairs, and yet was raised to honor, and married the princess. And the children clapped their hands, and cried: "Tell another! Tell another!" for they wanted to hear about Ivede-Avede; but they only got the story of Klumpey-Dumpey. The Fir Tree was silent. The birds in the woods had never told such a story as that.

The Fir Tree thought the story must be true because such a nice man told it. "Well, who can know? Perhaps I, too, shall fall downstairs, and marry a princess," said the Fir Tree. And it looked forward to being trimmed again, the next evening, with candles, and toys, and gold, and fruit.

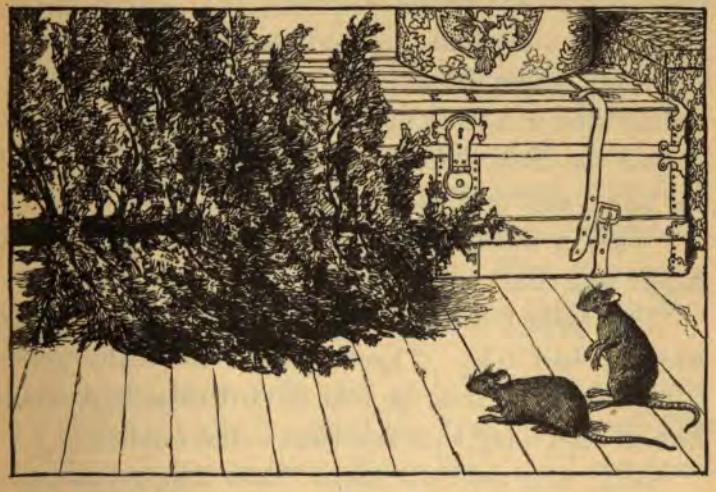
"To-morrow I shall hear the story of Klumpey-Dumpey again, and perhaps the story of Ivede-Avede, also."

The Tree was quiet and thoughtful all night. In the morning the servants came in.

"Now my splendor will begin anew," thought the Tree; but they dragged him out of the room, upstairs, to the garret, and put him in a dark corner. "What does this mean?" thought the Tree. "What am I to do here? What is to happen?"

And he leaned against the wall, and thought. And he had time enough; for days and nights went by, and nobody came up, and when some one did come, it was only to put some great boxes in a corner. Now the Tree was quite hidden away and forgotten.

"Now it is winter outside," thought the Tree. "The earth is hard, and covered with snow, and people cannot plant me; so I suppose I am to be kept here until spring. How kind that is! I wish it were not so dark here, and so lonely. How pretty it was out in the wood, when the snow was on the ground, and the Hares ran and jumped over me; but then I did not like it."



"Peep! Peep!" said a little Mouse, who crept forward, followed by another. They smelled at the

Fir Tree, and then slipped in among the branches. "It is horribly cold," said the two little Mice. "If it were not so cold, it would be very comfortable here. Don't you think so, you old Fir Tree?"

"I am not old at all," said the Fir Tree. "There are many much older than I."

"Where do you come from?" asked the Mice; "and what do you know? Tell us about the most beautiful spot on earth. Have you been there? Have you been in the storeroom, where the cheeses lie on the shelves, and hams hang down from the ceiling; where one dances on tallow candles, and goes in thin and comes out fat?"

"I don't know that," replied the Tree; "but I know the wood, where the sun shines, and the birds sing."

And then it told all about its youth.

And the little Mice had never heard anything of the kind; and they listened, and said:—

"What a number of things you have seen! How happy you must have been!"

"I?" replied the Fir Tree; and it thought about what it had told. "Yes; those were really quite happy times." Then he told of Christmas Eve, when he had been hung with sweetmeats and candles.

"Oh!" said the little Mice; "how happy you have been, you old Fir Tree!"

"I'm not old at all," said the Tree. "I only came

out of the wood this winter. I'm only rather backward in my growth."

"What splendid stories you can tell!" said the little Mice.

And the next night they came, with four other little Mice, to hear what the Tree had to say; and the more it said, the more clearly it remembered everything, and thought: "Those were merry days. But they may come again. Klumpey-Dumpey fell downstairs, and yet he married the princess. Perhaps I may marry a princess, too," and then the Fir Tree thought of a pretty little birch tree that grew out in the forest. For the Fir Tree that birch was a real princess.

"Who's Klumpey-Dumpey?" asked the little Mice. The Fir Tree told the whole story. The little Mice were ready to leap to the very top of the Tree with pleasure. The next night a great many more Mice came, and on Sunday two Rats, but they thought the story was not pretty, and the little Mice were sorry, for now they did not like it so well as they had done before.

"Do you know only that story?" asked the Rats.

"Only that one," replied the Tree. "I heard that on the happiest evening of my life; I did not think then how happy I was."

"That is a very miserable story. Don't you know

any about bacon and tallow candles, — a storeroom story?"

"No," said the Tree.

"Then we'd rather not hear you," said the Rats.

And they went back to their own people. The little Mice, at last, stayed away also; and then the Tree sighed, and said: "It was very nice when they sat around me — the merry little Mice — and listened to me; now that is past, too."

One morning people came to the garret. Boxes were put away, and the Tree was brought out. A servant dragged it downstairs, where the daylight shone. "Now life is beginning again!" thought the Tree.

It was taken out in the courtyard, and felt the fresh air. There was so much to look at that the Tree quite forgot to look at itself. Near by was a garden. The roses and the linden trees were in blossom. The swallows were calling out to their mates.

"Now I shall live!" said the Tree, rejoicing; and it spread its branches far out, but, alas! They were all withered and yellow.

The Tree was thrown in the corner among the nettles and weeds.

Children who danced around the tree at Christmas were playing in the courtyard. One of the youngest ran up, and tore off the golden star. "Look at what is sticking to the ugly old Fir Tree!" said the child.

The Tree looked at all the blooming flowers and the beautiful garden, and then looked at itself, and was sorry it had not remained in the dark corner of the garret.

"Everything has passed!" said the Tree. "I wish I had rejoiced when I might have done so."

A servant came and chopped the Tree into little pieces. He burned it, and as it blazed brightly, it sighed, and each sigh was like a little shot; and the children who were at play there looked into the fire and cried, "Puff! Puff!" The Tree thought of the summer day in the woods, or of a winter night when the stars shone, of Christmas Eve, of Klumpey-Dumpey, the only story he had ever heard or knew how to tell; and then he was burned.

The boys played in the garden, and the youngest wore the golden star which the Fir Tree wore on its happiest evening; now that was past, and the Tree's life was past, and the story is past, too, — and that is the way with all stories.

THE UGLY DUCKLING

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

IT was glorious out in the country. It was summer, and the cornfields were yellow and the oats were green; the hay had been put up in stacks in

the green meadows, and the stork went about on his long red legs, and chattered Egyptian, for this was the language he had learned from his good mother. All around the fields and meadows were great forests, and in the midst of these forests were deep lakes. Yes, it was really glorious out in the country. In the midst of the sunshine there lay an old farm, surrounded by deep canals, and from the wall down to the water grew great burdocks, so high that little children could stand upright under the largest ones. It was just as wild there as in the deepest woods. Here sat a Duck upon her nest, for she had to hatch her young ones; but she was almost tired out before the little ones came; and then she hardly ever had visitors. The other ducks liked better to swim about in the canals than to run up and sit down under the burdock and cackle with her.

At last, one eggshell after another burst open. "Peep! Peep!" they cried; and in all the eggs there were little creatures that stuck out their heads.

"Rap! Rap!" they said; and they all came out as fast as they could, looking all around them under the green leaves; and the mother let them look as much as they chose, for green is good for the eyes.

"How wide the world is!" said the young ones, for they certainly had much more room now than when they were in the eggs.

"Do you think this is all the world?" asked the mother. "That extends far across the other side of the garden, quite into the parson's field, but I have never been there yet. I hope you are all together," she continued, and stood up. "No, I have not all. The largest egg still lies there. How long is that to last? I am really tired of it." And she sat down again.

"Well, how goes it?" asked an old Duck who had come to pay her a visit.

"It lasts a long time with that one egg," said the Duck who sat there. "It will not burst. Now, only look at the others; are they not the prettiest ducks one could possibly see? They are all like their father, — the bad fellow never comes to see me."

"Let me see the egg which will not burst," said the old visitor. "Believe me, it is a turkey's egg. I was once cheated in that way, and had much anxiety and trouble with the young ones, for they were afraid of the water. I could not get them to venture in. I quacked and clucked, but it was of no use. Let me see the egg. Yes, that's a turkey's egg! Let it lie there, and you teach the other children to swim."

"I think I will sit on it a little longer," said the Duck. "I've sat so long now, that I can sit a few days more."

"Just as you please," said the old Duck; and she went away.

At last the great egg burst. "Peep! Peep!" said the little one, and crept forth. It was very large and very ugly. The Duck looked at it.

"It's a very large Duckling," said she; "none of the others look like that. Can it really be a turkey chick? Now we shall soon find out. It must go into the water, even if I have to push it in myself."

The next day the weather was splendid, and the sun shone on all the green trees. The Mother Duck went down to the water with all her little ones. Splash! She jumped into the water. "Quack! Quack!" she said, and then one Duckling after another plunged in. The water closed over their heads, but they came up

in an instant, and swam capitally; their legs went of themselves, and there they were, all in the water. The ugly gray Duckling swam with them.

"No, it's not a turkey," said she. "Look how

well it can use its legs, and how erect it holds itself. It is my own child! On the whole it's quite pretty, if one looks at it rightly. Quack! Quack! Come with me, and I'll lead you out into the great world, and present you in the poultry yard; but keep close to me, so that no one may tread on you; and take care of the cats!"

And so they came into the poultry yard. There was a terrible riot going on in there, for two families were quarreling about an eel's head, and the cat got it, after all.

"See, that's how it goes in the world!" said the Mother Duck; and she whetted her beak, for she, too, wanted the eel's head. "Only use your legs," said she. "See that you bustle about, and bow your heads before the old Duck yonder. She's the grandest of all here; she's of Spanish blood — that's why she's so fat; and do you see, she has a red rag round her leg; that's something particularly fine, and the greatest distinction a duck can enjoy; it signifies that one does not want to lose her, and that she's to be recognized by man and beast. Shake yourselves; don't turn in your toes, — a well brought up duck turns its toes out, just like father and mother, so! Now bend your necks, and say 'Rap!'"

And they did so; but the other ducks round about looked at them, and said quite boldly: —

"Look there! Now we're to have these hanging on, as if there were not enough of us already! And fie! How that Duckling yonder looks! We won't stand that!" And one duck flew up immediately, and bit it in the neck.

"Let it alone," said the mother; "it does not harm any one."

"Yes, but it's too large and peculiar, and therefore it must be buffeted."

"Those are pretty children that the mother has there," said the old Duck with the rag round her leg. "They're all pretty but that one; that was a failure. I wish she could change it."

"That cannot be done, my lady," replied the Mother Duck. "It is not pretty, but it has a real good disposition, and swims as well as any other; I may even say it swims better. I think it will grow up pretty, and become smaller in time; it has lain too long in the egg, and so is not properly shaped." And then she pinched it in the neck, and smoothed its feathers. "Moreover, it is a drake," she said, "and so it is not of so much consequence. I think he will be very strong; he makes his way already."

"The other Ducklings are graceful enough," said the old Duck. "Make yourself at home; and if you find an eel's head, you may bring it to me."

And now they were at home. But the poor Duck-

ling which had crept out of the last egg, and looked so ugly, was bitten, and pushed, and jeered, as much by the ducks as by the chickens.

"It is too big!" they all said. And the turkey cock, who had been born with spurs, and therefore thought himself an emperor, blew himself up like a ship in full sail, and bore straight down upon it; then he gobbled, and grew quite red in the face. The poor Duckling did not know where it should stand or walk; it was sad, because it looked so ugly, and was jeered at by the whole yard.

So it went on the first day; afterward it became worse and worse. The poor Duckling was hunted by every one; even its brothers and sisters were angry with it, and said, "If the cat would only catch you, you ugly creature!" And the mother said, "If you were only far away!" And the ducks bit it, and the chickens beat it, and the girl who had to feed the poultry kicked at it with her foot.

Then it ran and flew over the fence, and the little birds in the bushes flew up in fear.

"That is because I am so ugly!" thought the Duckling; and it shut its eyes, but flew no farther; thus it came out into the great moor, where the Wild Ducks lived. Here it lay the whole night long; and it was weary and downcast.

Toward morning the Wild Ducks flew up, and

looked at their new companion. "What sort of a one are you?" they asked; and the Duckling turned in every direction, and bowed as well as it could. "You are remarkably ugly!" said the Wild Ducks. "But that is no matter to us, so long as you do not marry into our family."

Poor thing! It certainly did not think of marrying, and only hoped to obtain leave to lie among the reeds and drink some of the swamp water.

Thus it lay two whole days; and then there came two Wild Geese. It was not long since each had crept out of an egg, and that's why they were so saucy.

"Listen, comrade," said one of them. "You're so ugly that I like you. Will you go with us, and become a bird of passage? Near here, in another moor, there are a few sweet, lovely Wild Geese, all unmarried, and all are able to say 'Rap!' You've a chance of making your fortune, ugly as you are!"

"Piff! Paff!" resounded through the air; and the two ganders fell down dead in the swamp, and the water became blood red. "Piff! Paff!" it sounded again, and whole flocks of Wild Geese rose up from the weeds. And then there was another report. A great hunt was going on. The hunters were lying in wait all around the moor, and some were even sitting up in the branches of the trees, which spread far over the reeds. The blue smoke rose up like clouds among

the dark trees, and was wafted far away across the water; and the hunting dogs came splash, splash! into the swamp, and the rushes and the reeds bent down on every side. That was a fright for the poor Duckling! It turned its head and put it under its wing; but at that moment a frightful great dog stood close by the Duckling. His tongue hung far out of his mouth, and his eyes gleamed horrible and ugly; he thrust out his nose close against the Duckling, showing his sharp teeth — and splash, splash! — on he went without seizing it.

"Oh, Heaven be thanked!" sighed the Duckling. "I am so ugly that even the dog does not like to bite me!"

And so it lay quiet, while the shots rattled through the reeds, and gun after gun was fired. At last, late in the day, it became quiet; but the poor Duckling did not dare to rise up; it waited several hours before it looked around, and then hastened away out of the moor as fast as it could. It ran over field and meadow; there was such a storm raging that it was difficult to get from one place to another.

Toward evening the Duckling came to a miserable peasant's hut. This hut was in so wretched a condition that it did not know which way it would fall; and that's why it remained standing. The storm whistled around the Duckling in such a way that the

poor creature was obliged to sit down, to stand against it; and the tempest grew worse and worse. Then the Duckling noticed that one of the hinges of the door had given away, and the door hung so slanting that the Duckling could slip through the crack into the room, and it did so.

Here lived a woman with her Cat and her Hen. And the Cat, whom she called Sonnie, could arch his back and pur, and could even give out sparks; but for that one had to stroke his fur the wrong way. The Hen had little short legs, and therefore was called Chickabiddy-shortshanks; she laid good eggs, and the woman loved her as her own child.

In the morning the strange Duckling was noticed at once. The Cat began to pur, and the Hen to cluck.

"What's this?" said the woman, and looked all around; but she could not see well, and so thought the Duckling was a fat duck that had strayed. "This is a rare prize," she said. "Now I shall have duck's eggs. I hope it is not a drake."

And so the Duckling was admitted on trial for three weeks; but no eggs came. The Cat was the master of the house, and the Hen the lady, and they always said, "We and the world!" for they thought they were half the world, and by far the better half. The Duckling thought one might have a different opinion, but the Hen would not allow it.

"Can you lay eggs?" she asked.

"No."

"Then you'll have the goodness to hold your tongue."

And the Cat said, "Can you curve your back, and pur, and give out sparks?"

"No."

"Then you cannot have any opinion of your own when sensible people are speaking."

And the Duckling sat in the corner and was sad; then the fresh air and the sunshine streamed in, and it was seized with such a strange longing to swim on the water that it could not help telling the Hen of it.

"What are you thinking of?" cried the Hen. "You have nothing to do, that's why you have these fancies. Pur or lay eggs, and they will pass over."

"But it is so charming to swim on the water!" said the Duckling; "so refreshing to let it close above one's head, and to dive down to the bottom."

"Yes, that must be a great pleasure, truly," said the Hen. "I fancy you must have gone crazy. Ask the Cat about it — he's the cleverest animal I know; ask him if he likes to swim on the water, or to dive down; I won't speak about myself. Ask our mistress, the old woman: no one in the world is cleverer than she. Do you think she has any desire to swim, and to let the water close above her head?"

"You don't understand me," said the Duckling.

"We don't understand you? Then pray who is to understand you? You surely don't pretend to be cleverer than the Cat and the old woman — I won't say anything of myself. Don't be conceited, child, and be grateful for all the kindness you have received. Did you not get into a warm room, and have you not fallen into company from which you may learn something? But you are a chatterer, and it is not pleasant to associate with you. You may believe me, I speak for your good. I tell you disagreeable things, and by that one may always know one's true friends. Only take care that you learn to lay eggs, or to pur and give out sparks!"

"I think I will go out into the wide world," said the Duckling.

"Yes, do go," replied the Hen.

And the Duckling went away. It swam on the water, and dived, but it was slighted by every creature because of its ugliness.

Now came the autumn. The leaves in the forest turned yellow and brown; the wind caught them so that they danced about, and up in the air it was very cold. The clouds hung low, heavy with hail and snowflakes, and on the fence stood the raven, crying, "Croak! Croak!" for mere cold; yes, it was enough to make one feel cold to think of this. The poor little

Duckling certainly did not have a good time. One evening — the sun was just setting in his beauty — there came a great flock of large, handsome birds out of the bushes; they were dazzlingly white, with long, flexible necks; they were swans. They uttered a very peculiar

cry, spread forth their glorious great wings, and flew away from that cold region to warmer lands, to fair open lakes. They mounted so high, so high! And the ugly little Duckling felt very, very strangely as it watched them. It turned round and round in the water like a wheel, stretched out its neck toward them, and uttered such a strange loud cry as to frighten

itself. Oh! It could not forget those beautiful, happy birds; and as soon as it could see them no longer, it dived down to the very bottom, and when it came up again, it was quite beside itself. It knew not the name of those birds, and knew not whither they were flying; but it loved them more than it had ever loved any one. It was not at all envious of them. How could it think of wishing to possess such loveliness as they had? It would have been glad if only the ducks would have endured its company — the poor ugly creature!

And the winter grew cold, very cold! The Duckling was forced to swim about in the water to prevent the surface from freezing. Every night the hole in which it swam became smaller and smaller. It froze so hard that the icy covering crackled again; and the Duckling was obliged to swim all the time to keep the hole from freezing up. At last it was quite exhausted, and lay still, and was frozen fast in the ice.

Early in the morning a peasant came along and saw what had happened. He took his wooden shoe and broke the ice and took the Duckling and carried it home to his wife. The Duckling soon came to itself again. The children wanted to play with it, but the Duckling was afraid of them, and in flying upset the milk pan, then flew into the butter tub, then into the meal barrel and out again. How it looked then!

The woman screamed and struck at it with the fire tongs; the children tumbled over one another in their efforts to catch it. The door was open, and the poor creature finally flew out into the newly fallen snow, and lay there quite exhausted.

It would be too sad to tell all the misery and suffering that the unhappy Duckling endured in the long hard winter. It lay out on the moor among the reeds when the beautiful spring came. The sun began to shine again and the larks to sing.

Then all at once the Duckling could flap its wings. They beat the air more strongly than before, and bore it away, and before it well knew how this had happened, it found itself in a great garden, where the elder trees smelled sweet, and bent their long green branches down to the canal that was there. Oh, it was so beautiful, the spring was so pleasant! From the thicket came three glorious white Swans; they rustled their wings, and swam lightly on the water.

"I will fly away to them, to the royal birds, and they will kill me, because I, that am so ugly, dare to approach them. But it is no matter! Better be killed by them than be pursued by the ducks, beaten by the fowls, and pushed about by the girl who cares for the poultry yard, and to suffer so in the winter!" And it flew out into the water, and swam toward the beautiful Swans. They looked at it, and then came sailing down upon it with outspread wings. "Kill me!" said the poor Duckling, and it bent its head down upon the water, expecting nothing but death. But what did it see in the clear water? It beheld its own image — and, lo! It was no longer a clumsy, dark gray bird, ugly and hateful to look at, but — a swan.

It matters nothing if one was born in a duck yard if one has only lain in a swan's egg.

It felt quite glad at all the need and misfortune it had suffered; now it realized its happiness in all the splendor that surrounded it. And the great Swans swam around it, and stroked it with their beaks.

Little children came into the garden, and threw bread into the water and the youngest cried out, "There is a new one!" and the other children shouted joyously, "Yes; a new one has arrived!" And they clapped their hands and danced about, and ran to their father and mother; and bread and cake were thrown

into the water, and they all said, "The new one is the most beautiful of all, so young and handsome!" and the old Swans bowed their heads before him.

Then he felt quite ashamed, and hid his head under his wing, for he did not know what to do; he was so happy, and yet not at all proud. He thought how he had been abused and despised, and now he heard them saying that he was the most beautiful of all the birds. Even the elder tree bent its branches down into the water before him, and the sun shone warm and mild. Then his wings rustled; he lifted his slender neck, and cried rejoicingly from the depths of his heart: — "I never dreamed of so much happiness when I was still the Ugly Duckling!"

HOW MANY SECONDS IN A MINUTE?

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

HOW many seconds in a minute?
Sixty and no more in it.

How many minutes in an hour?
Sixty for sun and shower.

How many hours in a day?
Twenty-four for work and play.

How many days in a week?
Seven both to hear and speak.

How many weeks in a month?
Four, as the swift moon runn'th.

How many months in a year?
Twelve the Almanac makes clear.

How many years in an age?
One hundred says the sage.

How many ages in time?
No one knows the rhyme.

THE JOURNEY

JOSEPHINE PEABODY

I NEVER saw the hills so far
And blue, the way the pictures are;

And flowers, flowers growing thick,
But not a one for me to pick!

The land was running from the train,
All blurry through the windowpane,

And then it looked all flat and still,
When up there jumped a little hill!

I saw the windows and the spires,
And sparrows sitting on the wires;

And fences running up and down;
And then we cut straight through a town.

I saw a valley, like a cup;
And ponds that twinkled and dried up;

I counted meadows that were burnt;
And there were trees, — and then there weren't.

We crossed the bridges with a roar,
Then hummed, the way we went before.

And tunnels made it dark and light
Like openwork of day and night,

Until I saw the chimneys rise,
And lights and lights and lights, like eyes.

And when they took me through the door,
I heard it all begin to roar. —

I thought — as far as I could see —
That everybody wanted *Me!*

MY SHADOW

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

From "A Child's Garden of Verses." Copyright, 1895. By permission.

I HAVE a little shadow that goes in and out with me,
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see.
He is very, very like me from the heels up to the head;
And I see him jump before me, when I jump into my bed.

The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to grow —
Not at all like proper children, which is always very slow;
For he sometimes shoots up taller, like an india-rubber ball,
And he sometimes gets so little that there's none of him at all.

He hasn't got a notion of how children ought to play,
And can only make a fool of me in every sort of way.
He stays so close beside me, he's a coward you can see;
I'd think shame to stick to nursie as that shadow sticks to me!

One morning, very early, before the sun was up,
I rose and found the shining dew on every buttercup;
But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleepyhead
Had stayed at home behind me and was fast asleep in bed.

BOATS SAIL ON THE RIVERS

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

BOATS sail on the rivers,
And ships sail on the seas;
But clouds that sail across the sky
Are prettier far than these.

There are bridges on the rivers,
As pretty as you please;
But the bow that bridges heaven,
And overtops the trees,
And builds a road from earth to sky,
Is prettier far than these.

SEVEN TIMES ONE

JEAN INGELOW

Jean Ingelow was born in England in 1830. Her most noted poems are "Songs of Seven," and "High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire."

THERE'S no dew left on the daisies and clover,
There's no rain left in Heaven;
I've said my "seven times" over and over,
Seven times one are seven.

I am so old, so old I can write a letter;
My birthday lessons are done;
The lambs play always, they know no better —
They are only one times one.

O Moon! In the night I have seen you sailing
And shining so round and low;
You were bright, ah bright! But your light is failing, —
You are nothing now but a bow.

You Moon, have you done something wrong in Heaven,
That God has hidden your face?
I hope, if you have, you will soon be forgiven,
And shine again in your place.

O velvet Bee! You're a dusty fellow —
You've powdered your legs with gold.

O brave marsh Marybuds, rich and yellow,
Give me your money to hold!

O Columbine! Open your folded wrapper,
Where two twin turtledoves dwell!
O Cuckoo-pine! Toll me the purple clapper
That hangs in your clear green bell!

And show me your nest, with the young ones in it —
I will not steal them away;
I am old! You may trust me, Linnet, Linnet!
I am seven times one to-day.

THE BROWN THRUSH

LUCY LARCOM

THERE'S a merry brown thrush sitting up in the tree,
He's singing to me! He's singing to me!
And what does he say, little girl, little boy?
"Oh, the world's running over with joy!
Don't you hear? Don't you see?
Hush! Look! In my tree,
I'm as happy as happy can be!"

And the brown thrush keeps singing, "A nest do you see
And five eggs hid by me in the juniper tree?

Don't meddle! Don't touch! Little girl, little boy,
Or the world will lose some of its joy!
Now I'm glad! Now I'm free!
And I always shall be,
If you never bring sorrow to me."

So the merry brown thrush sings away in the tree,
To you and to me, to you and to me;
And he sings all the day, little girl, little boy,
"Oh, the world's running over with joy!
But long it won't be,
Don't you know? Don't you see?
Unless we are as good as can be!"

DUTCH LULLABY

EUGENE FIELD

From "With Trumpet and Drum." Copyright, 1892, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

WYNKEN, Blynken, and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe —
Sailed on a river of crystal light
Into a sea of dew.
"Where are you going, and what do you wish?"
The old moon asked the three.
"We have come to fish for the herring fish

That live in this beautiful sea;
Nets of silver and gold have we,"
Said Wynken, Blynken, and Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song,
As they rocked in the wooden shoe,

And the wind that sped them all night long
  Ruffled the waves of dew.
The little stars were the herring fish
  That lived in that beautiful sea, —
"Now cast your nets wherever you wish —
  Never afeard are we!"
So cried the stars to the fishermen three —
Wynken, Blynken, and Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
  To the stars in the twinkling foam —
Then down from the skies came the wooden shoe,
  Bringing the fishermen home.
'Twas all so pretty a sail it seemed
  As if it could not be,
And some folks thought 'twas a dream they'd dreamed
  Of sailing that beautiful sea —
But I shall name you the fishermen three:
Wynken, Blynken, and Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
  And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
  Is a wee one's trundle-bed.
So shut your eyes while mother sings
  Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things

As you rock in the misty sea,
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three:
Wynken, Blynken, and Nod.

LADY MOON

LORD HOUGHTON

LADY MOON, Lady Moon, where are you roving?
"Over the sea."
Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving?
"All that love me."

Are you not tired with rolling, and never
Resting to sleep?
Why look so pale and so sad, as forever
Wishing to weep?

"Ask me not this, little child, if you love me;
You are too bold;
I must obey my dear Father above me,
And do as I'm told."

Lady Moon, Lady Moon, where are you roving?
"Over the sea."
Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving?
"All that love me."

THE OWL AND THE PUSSYCAT

EDWARD LEAR

THE Owl and the Pussycat went to sea
In a beautiful pea-green boat;
They took some honey, and a plenty of money
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.
The Owl looked up to the moon above,
And sang to a small guitar,

"O lovely Pussy! O Pussy, my love,
What a beautiful Pussy you are, —
You are,
What a beautiful Pussy you are!"

Pussy said to the Owl, "You elegant fowl!
How wonderful sweet you sing!
O let us be married, — too long we have tarried, —
But what shall we do for a ring?"
They sailed away for a year and a day
To a land where the Bong tree grows
And there in a wood, a piggy-wig stood
With a ring at the end of his nose, —
His nose,
With a ring at the end of his nose.

"Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling
Your ring?" Said the piggy, "I will."
So they took it away, and were married next day
By the turkey who lives on the hill.
They dined upon mince and slices of quince,
Which they ate with a runcible spoon,
And hand in hand on the edge of the sand
They danced by the light of the moon, —
The moon,
They danced by the light of the moon.

A BIRD'S STORY

AUTHOR NOT KNOWN

I BUILT me a nest
In the old oak tree —

As pretty a nest
As ever could be.

I wove it with threads,
To the old oak bough;
And three little birdies
Are sleeping there now.

One day as I sang
To my birdies three,
A spry little squirrel
Sprang up in the tree.

I thought he was coming
Right up on the bough, —
It makes my heart throb
To think of it now.

I flew like an eagle
Right down through the air;
And soon he was running,
I can't tell you where.

I pecked him, and pecked him,
And flew in his track;
He will not be in haste,
I think, to come back.

THE SUN'S TRAVELS

AUTHOR NOT KNOWN

THE sun is not abed when I
At night upon my pillow lie;
Still round the earth his way he takes,
And morning after morning makes.

While here at home, in shining day,
We round the sunny garden play,
Each little Indian sleepy-head
Is being kissed and put to bed.

And when at eve I rise from tea,
Day dawns beyond the Atlantic sea;
And all the children in the west
Are getting up and being dressed.

"ONE, TWO, THREE"

HENRY C. BUNNER

By permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.

'TWAS an old, old, old, old lady,
And a boy that was half-past three;
And the way that they played together
Was beautiful to see.

She couldn't go running and jumping,
And the boy, no more could he;
For he was a thin little fellow,
With a thin little twisted knee.

They sat in the yellow sunlight
Out under the maple tree:
And the game that they played I'll tell you,
Just as it was told to me.

It was Hide-and-Go-Seek they were playing,
Though you'd never have known it to be —
With an old, old, old, old lady,
And a boy with a twisted knee.

The boy would bend his face down
On his one little sound right knee,
And he'd guess where she was hiding,
In guesses One, Two, Three!

"You are in the china closet!"
He would cry, and laugh with glee —
It wasn't the china closet;
But he still had Two and Three.

"You are up in Papa's big bedroom,
In the chest with the queer old key!"
And she said, "You are *warm* and *warmer*,
But you are not quite right," said she.

"It can't be the little cupboard
Where Mamma's things used to be,
So it must be the clothespress, Gran'ma!"
And he found her with his Three.

Then she covered her face with her fingers,
That were wrinkled and white and wee,
And she guessed where the boy was hiding,
With a One and a Two and a Three.

And they never had stirred from their places,
Right under the maple tree —
This old, old, old, old lady,
And the boy with the lame little knee —
This dear, dear, dear old lady,
And the boy who was half-past three.

OBEDIENCE

PHŒBE CARY

IF you're told to do a thing,
And mean to do it really;
Never let it be by halves;
Do it fully, freely!

Do not make a poor excuse,
Waiting, weak, unsteady;
All obedience worth the name,
Must be prompt and ready.

A FLINT

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

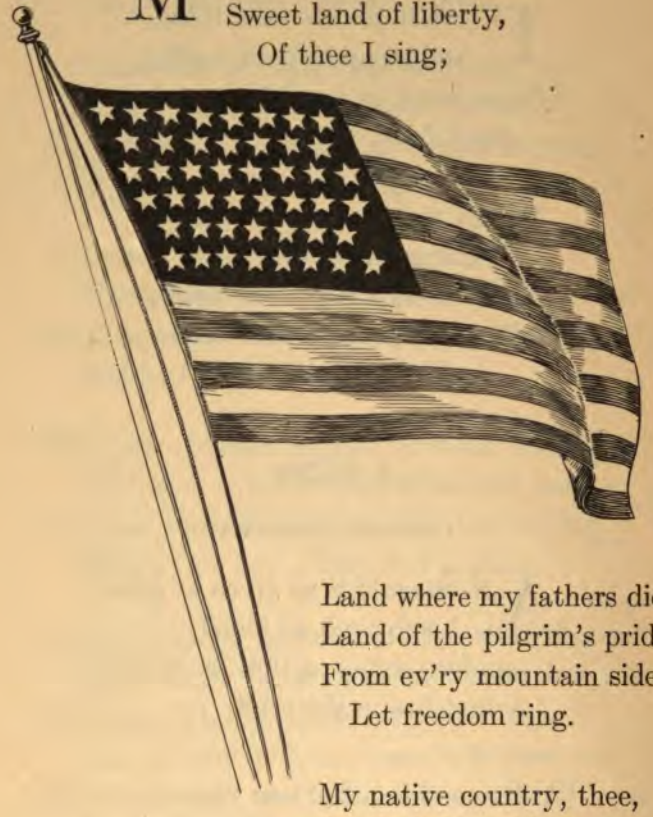
AN emerald is as green as grass;
A ruby red as blood;
A sapphire shines as blue as heaven;
A flint lies in the mud.

A diamond is a brilliant stone
To catch the world's desire;
An opal holds a fiery spark;
But a flint holds fire.

AMERICA

SAMUEL F. SMITH

MY country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;



Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From ev'ry mountain side
Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,

Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
  Like that above.

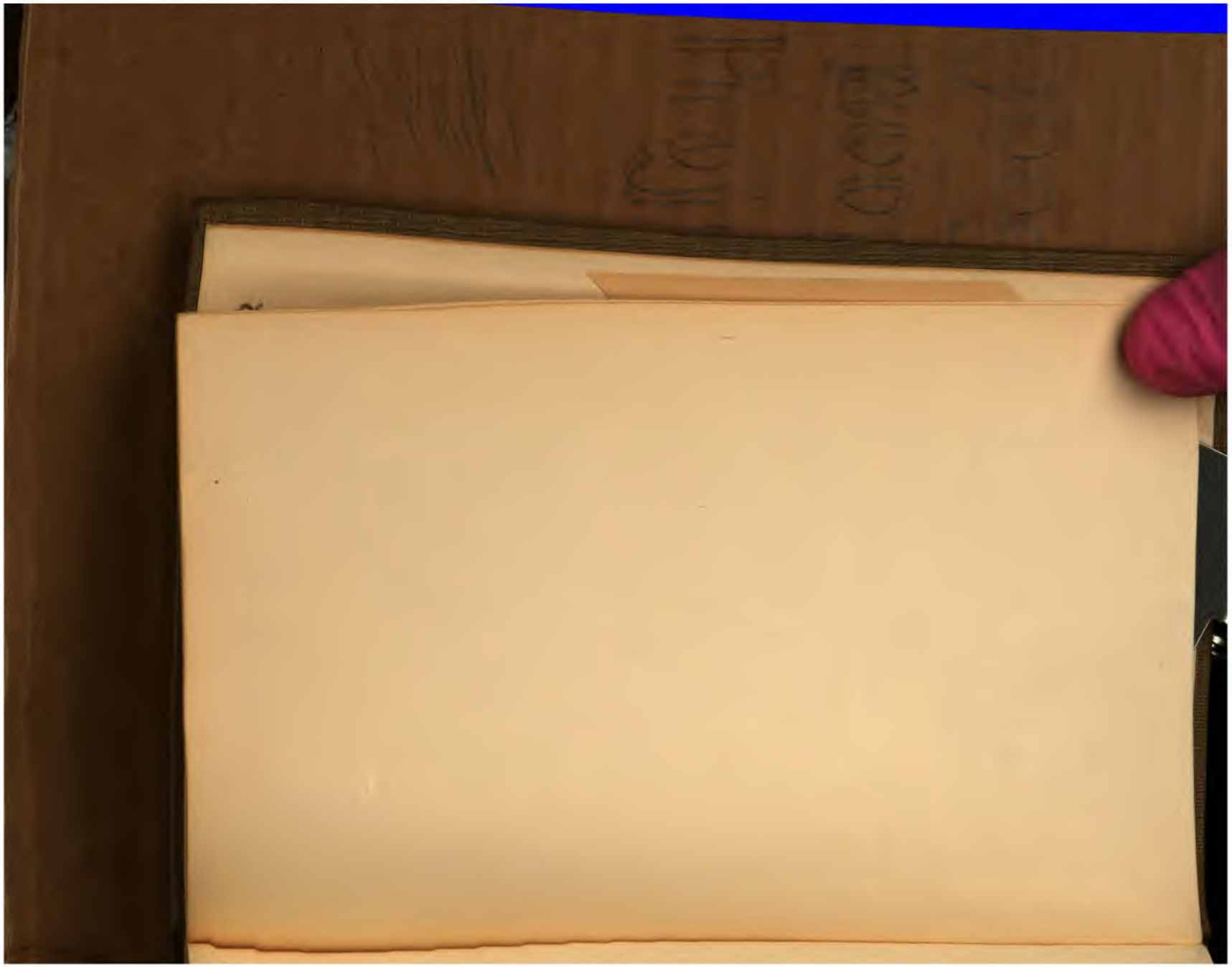
Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees,
  Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
  The sound prolong.

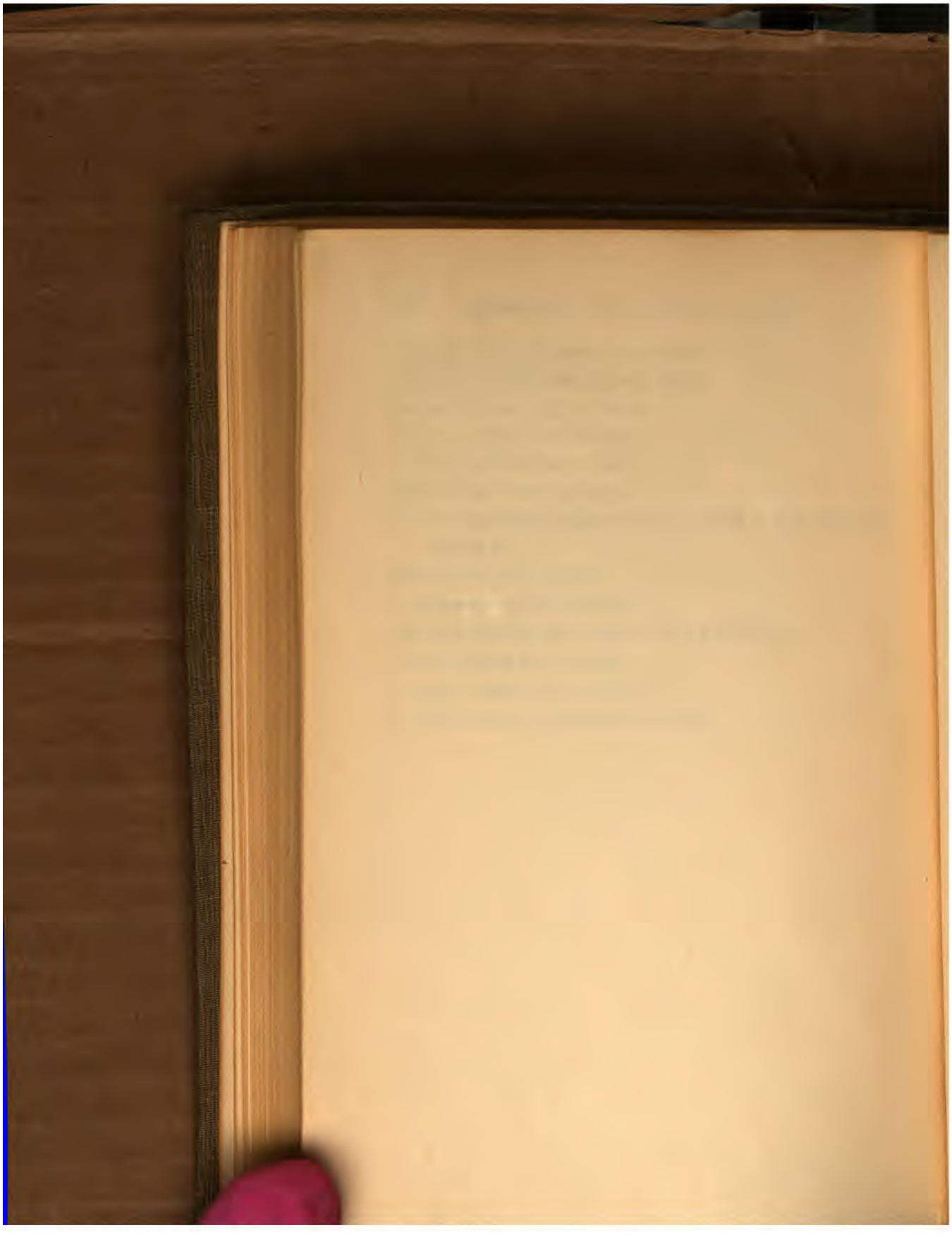
Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of Liberty,
  To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
  Great God, our King.

PROVERBS AND POPULAR SAYINGS

It is never too late to mend.
Time and tide wait for no man.
The more haste the less speed.
Birds of a feather will flock together.

Constant dropping wears the stone.
A little leak will sink a great ship.
A tree is known by its fruits.
All is not gold that glitters.
A stitch in time saves nine.
Debt is the worst poverty.
A fool may make money, but it needs a wise man to spend it.
Better late than never.
A barking dog seldom bites.
All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.
All his fingers are thumbs.
A man's house is his castle.
A rolling stone will gather no moss.





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